Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

# The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 119.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 14, 1906 [Price 6d By Post, 6½d.

*Photo* *Lallie Charles*

**A Distinguished-looking Canadian Girl: Miss Grace Pinder**

Who is playing in *The Little Cherub* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Miss Pinder was born in beautiful Victoria, and has only been on the stage two years. One of her uncles was the late Sir Joseph Trutch, one of the first British Columbians to receive the honour of Knighthood

No 119.—Vol. IX. CONTENTS Wednesday, March 14, 1906


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Frontispiece | 509 |
| Bystander Comments | 511 |
| The Topictator | 513 |
| Round the Town | 518 |
| Four Young Irish Peeresses | 519 |
| Five Men of the Moment | 520 |
| Lady Suffolk's Son and Heir | 521 |
| Charming American Hostesses | 522 |
| The Concert-Dinner Craze | 524 |
| Rand Magnates' Queer Banquet | 525 |
| Revival of Archery | 526 |
| The Playhouses | 528 |
| Rose Carnival in Southern California | 530 |
| Paris Week by Week | 531 |
| Seats of the Mighty: Beau Desert | 533 |
| The Connoisseur | 536 |
| Our Series of Worldly Short Stories: No. 14.—"The Attack in the Rue de la Presse." By Leonard Merrick | 537 |
| By Field, Stream, and Covert | 544 |
| An African "Cure" for Nerve Patients | 547 |
| The Library | 548 |
| A Bookman's Gossip | 549 |
| Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann | 550 |
| Games and Pastimes. Edited by H. S. Scrivener | 554 |
| Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows | 557 |
| A Woman's Note Book | 560 |


The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

## Amusements


**THE COLISEUM.** CHARING CROSS.
THRICE DAILY at 3, 6 and 9 p.m.
S'NERO, FLORENCE ST. JOHN & CO.,
EUGENE STRATTON, MABEL LOVE, M. R. MORAND,
MR. RICHARD GREEN, MRS. BROWN-POTTER,
MADGE TEMPLE, MILLIE HYLTON, "LA MASCOTTE," &c.
PRICES from 6*d.* to £2 2*s.*

**EMPIRE THEATRE.** "CINDERELLA."
Grand Spectacular Ballet.
Mlle. Adeline Genée, Première Danseuse.
And Specially Selected Varieties. EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.


## *BOOKS RECEIVED*

### MISCELLANEOUS

"The Life of Sir Richard Burton." 2 vols. By Thomas Wright. (Everett and Co. : 24*s.* net.)

"The Happy Motorist." By Filson Young. (E. Grant Richards : 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Motoring Annual." By N. B. and E. Kenealy. (*Motoring Illustrated* : 5*s.*)

"The Art of Driving a Motor-Car." By Lord Montagu. (*The Car Illustrated* : 1*s.* net.)

"The Life of Holyoake." (T. Fisher Unwin : 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Brief Literary Criticisms." By R. H. Hutton. (Macmillan and Co. : 4*s.* net.)

*Art.* An Illustrated Quarterly of Ancient and Modern Art. Part I. New Series. (H. Grevel and Co. : 3*s.* net.)

### NEW FICTION

"The Misses Make-Believe." By Mary Stuart Boyd. (Chapman and Hall : 6*s.*)

"Miriam." By Jacob Lloyd. (T. Sealey Clark.)

"When It Was *Light*." By "A Well-known Author." (John Long : 1*s.*)

"The Burglars' Club." By Henry A. Hering. (Cassell and Co. : 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The House by the Bridge." By M. G. Easton. (John Lane : 6*s.*)

"An Artist's Model." By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (F. V. White and Co. : 6*s.*)


**Original Drawings For Sale.**

The Original Illustrations appearing in

"THE BYSTANDER,"
"THE GRAPHIC," and
"DAILY GRAPHIC,"

can be purchased for small prices immediately after publication.

**Application should be made to**

**The SECRETARY,**
**"The Graphic" Gallery,**
**190, Strand, W.C.,**

where a fine selection of high-class Black and White, and other drawings, can be inspected daily.

Hours, 10 to 5. Saturdays, 10 to 1.

ADMISSION FREE—VISITORS WELCOMED.

# Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
March 14, 1906

The question as to who is the greatest public benefactor of modern times is likely to be settled soon once and for all. Sir Carne Rasch is about to submit a proposal to the House of Commons for a time limit for speeches.

* * *

A contemporary is offering a hundred half-sovereigns to "induce people to read" the new serial story which is to be published in the columns of the paper. This strikes us as being rather rough on the author.

* * *

The story that Mr. Pierpont Morgan had purchased a valuable collection of Burns' relics is denied. The bowler hat and pea-jacket will thus, it is satisfactory to think, remain in this country.

* * *

It appears that a new and interesting custom has recently arisen in America. If a guest at a dinner in an hotel or restaurant feels that the thought of the meal will have pleasant associations for him, he annexes a spoon from the table as a memento. The practice does not seem to have met with the unqualified approval of the authorities, and the State of New York has now made elaborate arrangements to take over the entertainment of guests given to this curious habit, and to compel them to be the recipients of lavish State hospitality for a space of some months at a time.

* * *

At the Old Bailey last week, Mr. Justice Grantham is reported to have said to a prosecutor, "If ever you do anything of the kind again, and you get a thundering good horsewhipping, it will serve you right." In view of the possibility of this graceful style of diction becoming popular on the judicial bench, the following may be suggested as a model form of sentence, imposing upon a prisoner, let us say, a fine of five pounds: "You have had the confounded cheek to plead not guilty to the charge, which was a sitter from the start, and it's jolly lucky for you that I am disposed to take a lenient view of the case. Of course, what your counsel said was mostly Thomas, and the evidence is quite compatible with your being a bit of real hot stuff. But, on the whole, I am disposed to think that you are just a prize rotter who has made a bally ass of himself, and that you will be sufficiently punished by a fine of five of the best."

**The only occupant**

*An incident on the "Bakerloo" Tube*

LIFT MAN (*absent-mindedly*): "No smoking in the lift, please"

* * *

In the course of an interview in the *Tribune*, Mr. Bernard Shaw has been explaining how Miss Lillah McCarthy came to be engaged for the part of Anne Whitefield in *Man and Superman*:—

> Once when I was criticising the theatres for the *Saturday Review*, I went, for my sins, to an amateur performance of *Macbeth* at St. George's Hall. It was—well, the usual amateur performance of *Macbeth*; and the part of Lady Macbeth was played by a wonderful and very young lady, who, as I bluntly declared, couldn't act, couldn't walk, couldn't speak blank verse, couldn't murder Duncan, couldn't help murdering Shakespeare, couldn't do anything an actress ought to do, except give you that sensation which is all any actress need do. I advised her, in print, to spend the next ten years in learning her business, since the stage was clearly her destiny. Having written this, I naturally forgot all about it. One day into this very room there walked a beauteous lady, who said, "The ten years are up! I've learnt my business, as you told me—now what are you going to do for me?'" "I was never so astonished in my life," Mr. Shaw went on. "I just looked at her, gasped, and said, 'There you are—Anne Whitefield!'"

It is a charming story, but if every actress who is given advice were to choose to turn up later and say, "I have taken your advice, now what are you going to do for me?" the lot of the critic might be even harder than it is at present. One is so often tempted to say to fair incompetents, "Leave the stage for ever," but I dread the thought of them coming trooping round, saying sweetly, "We have left the stage on your advice—now what do you propose?"

## Insubordination

[The Rotherham Borough Council has confirmed the dismissal of Miss Mabel Daisy Turner for refusing to take off her engagement ring at the bidding of the head-mistress.]

"I think we are all here now," said Miss Agatha Twyford, adjusting her pince-nez. The occasion was the weekly meeting of the Little Borum School Council.

"Miss Bolthead is absent," said the secretary. "She has sent a letter asking to be excused in order that she may attend the funeral of her brother."

"Her brother!" said Miss Twyford, raising her eyebrows.

"She has sent a doctor's certificate certifying that it is her brother."

"It is very regrettable," said Miss Murdoch, "that the serious business of life should be interfered with by men—alive or dead."

"Very regrettable," said little Miss Smithson, who had got on to the Council in the hope of learning how to become strong-minded. At present she had only become more soft-minded than before.

"The first item on the agenda," said the secretary, "is the case of Cynthia Pleydell. She was found teaching her class on Tuesday morning wearing a ring set with gems. When challenged with wearing it, she did not attempt to deny the fact, but said it was an engagement ring."

"Shocking—so shameless," said Miss Murdoch.

"How abandoned of her," said little Miss Smithson.

"Shall we have the young person in?" said the secretary.

"I would first like to point out," said Miss Twyford, "that I was always against the appointment of Miss Pleydell, on the grounds that a woman calling herself Cynthia would be sure to attract men. The name itself is a lure. Now we see."

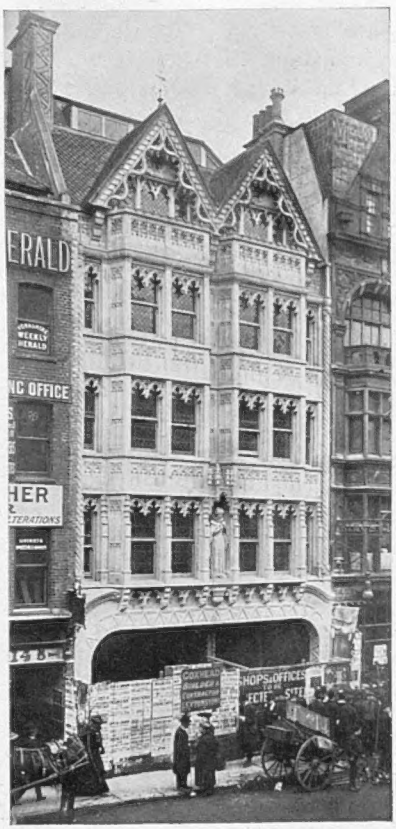



*Photo* *Photo Press*

**Elizabethan architecture in Fleet Street**

Many admiring glances have been bestowed upon this light and airy edifice which has just been exposed to view. Compared with its dingy neighbours, it is a fairy palace, and reflects great credit upon the magician who erected it, Mr. R. M. Roe

"If Miss Pleydell is engaged," said Miss Bodkin, who had not previously spoken, "why should not she wear a ring? I should if I were engaged. If she's going to be married, don't you think we might make her a little present—something for the house?"

"This is not a matrimonial agency," said Miss Twyford, icily.

"Oh, no, of course not," said Miss Bodkin, cheerily, "but when one reads about the decline of marriage, and women shirking their responsibilities, and, you know, those dreadful things that President Roosevelt talks about, it seems to me we ought to encourage Miss Pleydell. She looks the sort of girl, to me, who would be a really good mother, quite nice to her children, and all that—you know what I mean."

Miss Twyford rang a little bell. "I am afraid you forget yourself, Miss Bodkin," she said, sternly.

"Forget yourself *dreadfully*," said little Miss Smithson, blushing.

"I think we are all agreed," said Miss Twyford. "The ring comes off, or she goes at once."

"Oh, quite agreed," came in chorus from all but Miss Bodkin.

"Call the young person," said Miss Twyford.

A pretty, nervous, quietly dressed girl was brought in by the secretary.

"We understand," said Miss Twyford, "that you have been seen wearing a ring, an engagement ring, in the class-room, and that when Miss Murdoch told you to remove it you said you could not."

"I can't, really," said Miss Pleydell, almost in tears.

"Why not?" said Miss Murdoch.

"You see, Jack gave it to me, and I promised him I would not—ever."

"And who is Jack?" said Miss Twyford.

"Mr. Drayson. We are going to be married as soon as we have saved enough money."

"Suppose," said Miss Bodkin, kindly, "you were to remove it in the class-room. You could wear it at all other times."

"I promised," said Miss Pleydell. "Oh, I know you're going to send me away, but I don't care." She looked round anxiously, and then finished her explanation to the kindly Miss Bodkin. "He kissed my finger before he put it on, and then kissed it afterwards—I'm sure you understand—and then I swore——"

"That will do, Miss Pleydell," said Miss Twyford. "You can leave us."

Miss Bodkin led the girl to the door and kissed her.

"Will the secretary please make a note that Miss Pleydell leaves at the end of the week." Miss Twyford looked round the room. "Carried with one dissentient."

"A young person who is thinking of marriage," said Miss Murdoch, "is obviously unfit to be associated with children."

"Obviously," said Miss Smithson. "She would be sure to corrupt them."

"Is there anything else on the agenda?"

"The school cat, which was introduced to keep down the mice, has had kittens," said the secretary—"three are black and one parti-coloured."

"Drown the cat *and* the kittens," said Miss Twyford, "and institute inquiries for another animal which can be relied upon to devote all its time to the duties for which it was engaged. The meeting is now adjourned."

# The Topictator

# "C.-B." B-C-ged

## WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE DEBATE IN DOWNING STREET ADJOURNED

The foreign Ambassador, on his way up Downing Street to the Foreign Office last Friday, would have found his usually peaceful progress barred by an unwonted scene. A medley of mad women, of assorted ages and sizes, some screaming and gesticulating, others locked in the stern, but dutiful, embrace of sturdy policemen! Altogether, a sight calculated to make the Russian Ambassador wonder whether he was not, for the moment, back in his own country, a month or so ago. The women of England, like the Moujiks of Russia, want votes, and they are adopting much the same methods of gaining them as did the latter on Red Sunday, the "little Father" on this occasion being the benign but firm "C.-B.," whose house it was they attacked. We are not disposed to ridicule the suffragists. After all, it is only by some such methods as these that great causes are promoted. No doubt, in the ages to come, when women have votes, and seats in Parliament, on the Bench, and on juries, deal in Kaffirs, edit dailies, and slide the doors on the various "Tubes," when men stop at home minding the babies and reading the Harmsworth publications of the period, the names of Miss Kenney and Miss Drummond will be great names, and the women who bombarded "C.-B." will rank with the Crusaders, the Roundheads, and the Chartists. That they themselves consider it a heroic rôle is evident — note the serene resignation of the lady in our first photograph with the two P.-C.'s —unless, of course, the expression is explained by her natural satisfaction at so ample a male escort.

**Woman's Suffrage Debate: The "Noes" have it**

An exciting debate on Woman's Suffrage took place outside the Premier's residence last week. On a motion by the police, however, the adjournment was carried after a show of hands, the ringleader being moved to "another place" by a majority of two to one (*vide* the above photograph)

*Photos* *Illustrations Bureau*

**The Premier's "Not-at-Home" to suffragists**

Quite a number of smart women were present at the Prime Minister's "not-at-home" last week to Woman's Suffragists. After the proceedings, Miss Annie Kenney was to be seen walking with P.-C. X Y Z, closely followed by Miss Annie Drummond with another member of the force. The ladies seemed in high spirits, and walked briskly towards Scotland Yard, where they rested awhile

# Original "Gibson Girl" Engaged

*Photo]* **Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw** *Lallie Charles*

Who is engaged to be married to Mr. Waldorf Astor, son of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the American millionaire, who has for so long made England his home. Mrs. Shaw is sister-in-law of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, and she and her sister, the artist's wife, were the models for the original "Gibson Girl"

I have just been deriving extraordinary comfort from reading that the weather on the Riviera has been abominable. It always pleases me when I hear that those aggressive idlers who fly South for warmth cannot have the climate entirely their own way. The people who are forced to remain in Town and work really ought to have the best weather. Any sort of climate should suffice for the idle rich. The few hot days which we have just had have inspired the office boy, who, after reminding me that March is such a beastly uncertain month that even hares go mad in it, has offered me the following effusion:—

**The Hot Snap**

In my young days, when March came round,
One fact you could rely on:
That though it went out like a lamb
It came in like a lion.

Now if the order be reversed,
And sunshine come and lure you,
One day you grill—next catch a chill
—It takes a month to cure you.

For balmy days and heated "snaps"
I do not care one button.
When March comes in like any lamb,
I know there'll be cold mutton!

Yes, on the morrow tender lamb
Is jolly like cold mutton!

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is never happy unless he is explaining something, has been holding forth on the delight which he experiences in:—

Taking the British citizen and scattering his mind all about the floor, with his religion and morality, his faith and respectability gone, and exposed apparently naked to a life of responsible crime—to get him into that condition when you know that, later on, you can piece his mind together again and put him into the right way.

Now that sounds all very well, but though I have seen Mr. Shaw many times in the destructive mood here described, I have never seen him doing the piecing together or putting the wretched citizen into the right way. It is interesting to know that he can do this, and one day, perhaps, he will give us a series of plays which are designed to build up, not to shatter Society.

* * *

**The Dublin Season**

As if to complete the dispersal of the absurd rumours of boycott, the first Drawing Room of the Dublin Season was in every way a record one, the attendance being estimated at no less than twelve hundred. The Drawing Room commenced at ten o'clock, and, according to one scribe, their Excellencies entered the Throne Room with commendable punctuality. The beautiful costumes and the number of diamond tiaras and *rivières* made the scene in the Throne Room a most striking one.

*Photo* *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. Gerald du Maurier Miss Marie Tempest

**"All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," at the Duke of York's Theatre: An awkward breakfast**

True to her nickname, the impetuous Peggy pays a flying visit to the rooms of the Hon. Jimmy Keppel. He is away from home. Peggy waits till it is quite late. Still he does not return, so Peggy, finding it too late to go to an hotel, goes to sleep on the sofa. Next morning Keppel returns, and Peggy informs the astonished young man she has told her parents she has run away to marry him. Peggy is quite at her ease, but Jimmy has no appetite for breakfast, especially when he learns that a meddling relative has actually announced their marriage in the *Morning Post*

# PRETTY FROCKS AT THE DUBLIN DRAWING ROOM

**The Hon. Lily Ffrench**
Daughter of Lord de Freyne

**Mrs. F. G. Chalmers**

**Mrs. Omerod**

**Miss Plunkett**

*Photos* *Lafayette*

# ROUND THE TOWN

### A Converted Queen

The conversion of Princess Ena took place very quietly after all last week, and she is now a daughter of Holy Church, whether the Protestants like it or not. Princess Ena is often chaffed by her brothers on the score of "thinking too much of herself," although, as a matter of fact, having spent all her days with her brothers, she is frankly a good sort, and has, with them, found her level. Like the Princess of Wales, she was a great tomboy until the age of sixteen, and I am reminded that when Princess May of Teck became engaged to the Prince of Wales, the late Duchess of Teck gave a garden-party to celebrate the event. Princess May was standing with an aspect of some self-importance near the tea-table when a brother passing by her said, "Now, don't be cocky, May! You aren't queen yet!"

* * *

### Mr. Astor's Engagement

Young Mr. Waldorf Astor, by his engagement to an American woman, Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw (whose portrait appears on p. 515), a lady who divorced her first husband three years ago, under Virginian Divorce Laws, has gone far to disarm the hostile feeling prevalent in America against his father, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, for having expatriated himself from America. Mrs. Shaw is one of four sisters, made famous for their type of beauty by the art of her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, and is a splendid horsewoman, having for the last two seasons been hunting with British packs. Mr. Astor's only surviving sister married Captain Spender Clay two seasons ago.

* * *

### Irish Sale at Lansdowne House

Lansdowne House has this year been chosen for the Annual Sale of the Royal Irish Industries Association, which will be held on Friday and Saturday (St. Patrick's Day), March 16 and 17. This association has done a very great deal to promote the cottage industries of Ireland, and all the well-known Irish ladies take a deep interest in its welfare. As a result of the London branch alone, over £111,000 has been remitted to the poor cottagers of Ireland. The Duchess of Albany has kindly consented to open the sale, and the beautiful rooms of Lansdowne House will make a delightful background for the varied goods to be displayed there. Amongst the most prominent stall-holders will be the Marchioness of Londonderry and her charming daughter-in-law, Viscountess Castlereagh, while pretty little Countess Kerry will, I hear, assist her mother-in-law, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, at her stall. The Countess of Erne will have Lady Mabel Crichton with her, and Lady Dorothy and Lady Cecily Browne are both helping their mother, the Countess of Kenmare. Lady Bective and Lady Arthur Hill, who always work so hard for the success of this enterprise, the Countess of Harrowby, the Countess of Bandon, and Countess Waldegrave, are all to take stalls; Lady Carew and her sister will be together, and the Countess of Kilmorey and Lady Henry Fitzgerald have also promised to assist. The Marchioness of Hamilton, our future Duchess of Abercorn, will be among the younger stall-holders — she is a daughter of the Earl of Lucan, and will be assisted by her sister-in-law, Lady Bingham, Miss Spender Clay formerly. The Countess of Mayo, who is always ready to help in any work that benefits the Irish peasantry, whose interests she has so much at heart, is coming over from Ireland for the Sale, as is the Countess of Fingall, the lovely Miss Burke that was, and one of the most popular of Irish hostesses. Lady Fingall has always greatly interested herself in the Irish industries, and one of the tweeds made by the cottagers is called after her, the "Fingall Tweeds."

*Photo* *Warneuke*

**Cameron of Lochiel**

Who will marry Lady Hermione Graham on March 29

* * *

### Lenten Weddings

It is said that the feeling against Lenten weddings is becoming a thing of the past, but the rush of weddings on Shrove Tuesday rather discounted this idea. Two rather interesting weddings are fixed to take place during the last days of this month: that of Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Graham, younger daughter of the Duke of Montrose, is to take place quietly in London on the 29th, only the near relatives of the bride and bridegroom being present owing to the recent death of the bridegroom's father. Lady Maple has fixed, I believe, one day next week for her marriage to Mr. Montague Ballard at Beaulieu. Lady Maple is, of course, the widow of the late Sir Blundell Maple and mother of Baroness von Eckhardstein, and the fact

# Four Young Irish Peeresses

## Stallholders at the Exhibition of Irish Industries at Lansdowne House

Countess of Fingall

Viscountess Castlereagh

Countess Kerry

Marchioness of Hamilton

# Five Men of the Moment

*Photo* *Thomson*

**Mr. Evan Spicer**

The new chairman of the London County Council

*Photo* *Edis*

**Lord Suffield**

Lord-in-Waiting to the King, of whom he is a close personal friend

that by marrying again she loses a large part of the income she now enjoys is not much of a deterrent, as she is marrying into an even more lucrative "profession" than upholstering, *i.e.* beer, her future husband being connnected with a well-known brewery.

* * *

**Dances in Lent**

Dances, during Lent, share the same fate as weddings. They are few and far between, and quiet at that. Mrs. Bonsor and Lady Dunleath gave balls immediately before Lent, and Lady Cooper and Lady Newton both gave dances, the former for her daughter, last week; but dinners are the order of the day. This week there are no dances at all of any importance, and the wail of the hostess, and especially of the hostess with daughters, is once more heard in the land. Her complaint is the same; she cannot get the young man to come to dances though she makes positively superhuman efforts to entice that wary bird into her net. She even enters into conspiracy with other hostesses, and arranges that when she gives a ball the others shall give dinners and bring the wretched man along in tow! Once having got him there, however, she acknowledges herself badly beaten. Her victim, being quite unable to dance and equally unwilling to make a spectacle of himself by trying to, takes up a convenient position near the buffet, and after sampling most of his host's edibles, drinkables, and smokables, beats a retreat.

*Photo* *Poole*

**The new Earl of Bessborough**

Formerly Lord Duncannon, who has just succeeded to his late father's title

* * *

**The Non-Dancing Man**

Bridge at the club is the reason most hostesses assign for the non-attendance of men at their dances, but I am of opinion that the chief reason why men will not go to dances is that they can't dance, and won't learn. Why do they not have dancing-classes at Eton and Harrow, and then again at the Universities? I suppose, though, the word "class" smacks too much of work to be popular; but even classes are not necessary. A man I know, who dances beautifully, told me that he learnt to dance by frequenting what is known as a "Shilling Hop." At these, every one goes to dance, and not to stand about, and I don't think you can get anything to eat or drink, however much you may want it. The business of the moment is dancing, and as the Master of Ceremonies will gallantly introduce you to anyone you choose to pick out, it is possible to spend a very pleasant and not at all unprofitable evening in this way, though one is quite likely to recognise next day, in the parlour-maid who opens the door to you at a friend's house, the "young lady" who piloted you through many a giddy waltz the night before.

*Photo* *Russell*

**Captain Sir Chas. J. Graves-Sawle**

Who has just been appointed Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King

*Photo* *Draycott Gallery*

**Father Bernard Vaughan**

Brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and a personal friend of the King

# Lady Su[illegible] Son and Heir

**Some Friends of the King**

The appointment of Captain Sir Charles Graves-Sawle as Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King is a popular one in more ways than one. In the Services, Sir Charles is one of the most popular of men; the public have not forgotten his service in Egypt; and he is also a personal friend of His Majesty. The King's friends, however, owing to his delightful personality, are so many that it is difficult to mention one without thinking of hosts of others, but two, at any rate, stand out very prominently amongst the number, and they are Lord Suffield and Father Bernard Vaughan. The former, who, by-the-by, is this week on duty as Lord-in-Waiting to the King, is also a valued friend of the Queen's, and the present Royal tour in India reminds one that he made a very able Chief of the Staff to the King when, as Prince of Wales, he visited India thirty years ago. To Father Bernard Vaughan the King goes whenever he wants advice or an opinion on any matters concerning his Roman Catholic subjects, whose interests he has always had so seriously at heart, and for whose Holy Father, the Pope, he also entertains a warm personal esteem.

*Photo* *Esmé Collings*

**Lady Maple**

Widow of the late Sir Blundell Maple, whose marriage to Mr. Montague Ballard takes place at Beaulieu next week

* * *

**The New Lord Bessborough**

Lord Duncannon, who, on the death of his father, has just become the Earl of Bessborough, was for years secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and is the eldest of the five sons of the late Lord Bessborough. His mother was Lady Louisa Eliot, a daughter of the third Lord St. Germans, and he is married to the youngest daughter of the late Sir Josiah Guest, and sister of Lord Wimborne. The late Earl's death places a number of people in mourning, amongst them his nephews, the Bishop of Birmingham, whose views on extravagance have lately brought him into newspaper discussion, and Lord de Mauley.

*Photo* *H. Walter Barnett*

**The Countess of Suffolk**

Who has just given birth to a son and heir. The Countess was formerly Miss Daisy Leiter

* * *

**Sculpture at the New War Office**

It is really a very promising feature of the Art Development movement in England to find that the ornamentation of such a national institution as the new War Office building has been entrusted to the capable hands of Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A. Some people, true Britons, have detected the usual fly in the ointment from the fact that Mr. Drury is a devout pupil of his great French master, Dalou, under whom he studied long and patiently at the National Art Training School at South Kensington, and later at Dalou's studio in Paris. Art, however, has no nationality, and even if it had, the influence of France on sculpture has made for nothing but good, so we should be the first to congratulate ourselves on the very evident influence of the French School on our foremost English sculptor. Mr. Drury, however, started life as a choir-boy at New College, Oxford, and he traces his earliest inspiration to the subtle influence such a place as Oxford, full of the finest specimens of architectural design, must have on a receptive mind. His series of colossal figures, representing Peace and War on the new War Office building in Whitehall, are the finest specimens in his art which he has as yet achieved, and are full of a splendid restrained energy and originality of conception seldom attempted by the workers in symbolical sculpture. Mr. Drury has, also, not forgotten that his sculpture, great though it is, is, after all, but the completion of the whole construction, and, therefore, the dominant note of his figures is contained in the artistic finish and point which their beauty gives to the whole building. Would that Mr. Drury and his disciples could be given a free hand where many of London's public buildings are concerned!

* * *

**American Women in Society**

Lord and Lady Suffolk are rejoicing over the birth of a son and heir. Lady Suffolk, as Miss Daisy Leiter, used to spend much of her time with her sister, Lady Curzon, in India, and it was out there she made the acquaintance of her husband, who was A.D.C. to the Viceroy. Her portrait by Sargent was the best feature of a recent Academy.

* * *

The quite unfounded report of the engagement of Mrs. Potter Palmer to the Duke of Atholl, a peer no longer in his first youth, reminds one of the enormous influx of American women into English Society. That they are popular is certain, but in what that popularity consists is decidedly *un*certain. Money and charm are, I suppose, in spite of the moral axioms to the contrary, the most potent things in the world, and these the American woman possesses in abundance. Birth and breeding form no

# Charming American Hostesses

*Photo.*] **Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt**

Sister of Lady Herbert (widow of late British Ambassador in America, Sir Michael Herbert) and aunt of the Duchess of Roxburghe

**Mrs. Jules Bache** [*P. P. A.*

Who comes to London every season, and is a great entertainer

part of her forces; indeed, she has, as she would say herself, no use for them; she has, however, that in her which has made and unmade Napoleons, and that is an illimitable self-confidence, a quality the English woman is rather apt to have too much of than too little. Without the American hostess, the London season would be, to quote her again, a poor thing indeed, and amongst those whom social London is always delighted to welcome is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who, as sister to Lady Herbert and aunt of the Duchess of Roxburghe, has a ready-made position in Society. Her husband has just been made Commodore of the New York Yacht Club. Mrs. Jules Bache, who during the season entertains a great deal, and Mrs. Gerard Lowther are two more popular Americans. The latter, who was a Miss Alice Blight, of Philadelphia, is a sister-in-law of the Speaker, and one of her hobbies is the arrangement of *tableaux vivants*. Indeed, I am reminded that organisation is a favourite pose of the smart American woman, by letters from Biarritz, which refer constantly to the indefatigable efforts of the Comtesse de Gontaut-Biron to make all social events down there a success. Madame de Gontaut-Biron is a daughter of Mr. J. G. Leishman, the American Minister to Constantinople, whose splendid hospitality, dispensed from the Château de Hapsburg, few visitors to Lucerne of late years can have forgotten. She and her husband make their

# Entertaining in Society

The Comtesse de Gontaut-Biron (née Martha Leishman)
Daughter of the Hon. J. G. Leishman, U.S. Minister to Turkey

P. P. A.

Mrs. Gerard Lowther (nee Alice Blight)
Sister-in-law to the Speaker, Mr. Lowther. She is very clever at arranging *tableaux vivants*, and takes a part in amateur theatricals

headquarters in Paris, but they were both in London last autumn for the wedding of another American girl, Miss Lulu Pfizer, who married Captain Holland.

* * *

Writing of American women in Society and the gilded cause of their popularity, reminds me of the excited state the Bishop of Birmingham and the *Daily Mail* have got into about modern extravagance of living, and especially of entertaining. £400, the above organ tells us—though I doubt the figure—is often spent on flowers alone for one evening's entertainment. £300 is the sum paid for the chief singer at a musical "At Home." If such things are, and it is, of course, just possible, then it may pacify either the *Daily Mail* or Bishop Gore if it is hinted that, in this respect, Americans are the guilty parties. Apart from that, however, it is a very good thing for the tradesmen and working-people generally that Society people *are* extravagant. It is much better that the rich should distribute their wealth somehow than that they should hoard it; and I, personally, feel rather pleased than shocked when I see money made in America "wasted" over here.

* * *

**From Whines to Wines**

Whatever excuse may be offered for such displays as these, however, an orgie has recently taken place which I regard with very different feelings—the banquet given by a dozen Rand millionaires at the

# The Concert-Party Craze

New Gaiety Restaurant to Mr. Harry Barnato, in which costly fare and high-priced wines were served up to the diners in an imitation Kimberley tent, surrounded by a pantomimic display of Boers, Kaffirs, and other reminiscences of the land of sorrow, and, as some have it, of "slavery." Personally, I see no reason why a Rand magnate should not enjoy himself to his heart's content, in whatever way he pleases, but just now is *not* the time that he should vulgarly parade his wealth in public by such affairs as this. After the abject attitude of the last few years, by which the Rand magnate has posed as a "shabby genteel" who has seen better days, who excuses his importation of Chinese coolies at 1*s.* 6*d.* per diem on the ground that "times are hard" and that the wages wanted by the British workman are too high, the picture of Eckstein at the Gaiety consuming hock at 30*s.* a bottle and brandy at 3*s.* per liqueur glass is a little nauseating. An air of becoming modesty, a little Lenten self-denial, would stand him in better stead with those Britishers whom he seeks to convince of his rectitude in the Chinese transaction. It would have been more in keeping with their pretences if the whining magnates, in this case, had refrained from wining. Chops, cheese, and ale at a cheap restaurant, in honour of Mr. Barnato, would have been more in keeping with the alleged state of the Eckstein finances, and the announcement that the joyous repast had been served at the sausage house of Mr. Harris, instead of at the Gaiety, would have read better in the public Press.

**Dr. Gore, Bishop of Birmingham**
Who, last week, delivered a sermon directed against the extravagances of modern life

*Photo]* **Miss Margot Lethbridge** [*Mendelssohn's Studios*
The Society whistler, who has just been engaged at the Criterion to entertain supper guests. She is a grand-daughter of Admiral Croft and of Sir Roper Lethbridge

* * *

**A New Phase of Fashionable Life**

Entertaining at restaurants, instead of at one's house, has, by the way, become a feature of social life, but that the restaurant-keepers should encourage this mode of entertaining by, in their turn, providing amusements for their guests, is surely the nicest phase of a very pleasing custom. I believe the Hotel Cecil was the first to inaugurate dinner concerts; anyway, their venture was attended with such success that now the Criterion has followed suit, and, having for some weeks delighted their guests by the engagement of a French singer of *chansonettes*, has now arranged for the appearance of Miss Margot Lethbridge, who is described as a Society whistler, and who gives a very interesting performance of this neglected art.

* * *

**Hats with Evening Dress?**

This form of entertainment, which has an impromptu air, *may* reconcile women to the wearing of hats with evening frocks. I believe my colleague, Mrs. Jack May, who discourseth so ably on fashions on other pages, is to-day descanting on the same subject, so I must be careful; but, if I *may* encroach on the sacred subject of "Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows," I would say that this hat-or-no-hat question has shown more clearly than ever before that the Englishwoman at heart is still a prude. She knows that to wear a hat with an evening frock at a restaurant is not only suitable but is becoming, and yet she hesitates, and why? Because she imagines, dear soul, that the most attractive style of dress is naturally the prerogative of the other and frailer kind, and so, at all costs, she preserves to herself what she imagines to be the hall-mark of conscious virtue; that is, the complete absence of all clothing from her shoulders upwards!

# Rand Magnates' Queer Banquet

## MILLIONAIRES' "KIMBERLEY" MEAL AT THE GAIETY

**The Kimberley tent in which twelve millionaires dined recently at the Gaiety**

Last week, twelve merry Rand Magnates entertained Mr. Harry Barnato, of Johannesburg, at an imitation "feast on the veldt," at the Gaiety Restaurant. Though the tent, the foliage, and the Boers and Kaffirs, were artificial, the viands *and* the wines were of the costliest description. See what the Chinese coolie does, on his 1*s.* 6*d.* per day, for the happiness of the poor millionaire!

**Outside the Tent: Mimic Boers and Kaffirs on guard while Eckstein eats**

# Revival of Archery

**Aristocratic Amateur Artists**

Last week we gave some portraits of the patronesses of the Royal Amateur Art Society, whose two-fold exhibition was opened by the Lady Mayoress, the Duchess of Albany, and the Duchess of Somerset, on following days, in the fine reception rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Rube's house in Belgrave Square. A good deal has been said in disparagement of the amateur in all branches of art, beside the stage; but, personally, I like him, and value his often *naïf* and charming point of view, his disinterestedness, his devotion, and his not infrequent victories. Every professional who loves his art is an amateur at heart. At 1, Belgrave Square, the Society, with the rather highly sounding title of "Royal Amateur Art," are giving their annual exhibition in aid of some parochial and extremely worthy funds. The result is highly interesting as a whole, and the pictures, in particular, are by no means of small merit. The Marchioness of Granby sends several of her delicate pencil portraits, that of the Princess Ena being the most graceful, and that of Mr. Winston Churchill the most convincing. There are pastels by Mr. Brabazon and Miss Hedley, and many delightfully gay and accomplished pieces of painting by Lady Hood, Miss Edith Scannell, Lady Victoria Manners, Miss Lowther, and a hundred other people with natural gifts and historic names.

* * *

Added to these examples of contemporary skill is a loan collection of water-colour drawings by Signor Meacci, of Florence, whose style might be Florentine or Siennese fifteenth century, and a considerable quantity of exhibits rather vaguely, but justly, called historical treasures. Napoleon, Wellington, Burns, Nelson, the Stuarts, and a dozen other personages of importance, are represented, either by letters or relics whose genealogy is above suspicion. It is just such a collection as would have delighted the heart of Horace Walpole, had he lived in our day; the hat of Queen Anne, the fan of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Marie Antoinette's tea-service—from which, alas, she never drank—the embroidered gloves and beautiful dagger of Charles I., to a Dutch flag captured at Mafeking or the gaily painted scrapbook left by a child in a Boer homestead.

BYSTANDER.

*Photo* *Russell*

**The late General Gatacre**

Who died last week at Gambela from sunstroke and fever

**Archery at Olympia: The firing line**

The ancient pastime was last week revived by the Royal Toxophilite Society. The display was held under cover, and was highly picturesque and successful

## THE PARTICULAR PROFESSION

"Isn't that Lord Newleaf and his fiancée, the Montmorency girl from the Frivolity?"
"Yes; and her papa and mamma are in the tonneau"
"Jolly for Reggie?"
"He can't help himself. These stage girls nowadays are *so* particular"

*DRAWN BY PENRHYN STANLAWS*

# THE PLAYHOUSES

## Imperial Theatre

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's new play is one of those which divides an audience against itself. Some people are edified and thrilled by stage tricks; others are merely amused. Now, a stage trick is justified if it gets the playwright out of a tight place by furthering the action of the play. In *Brigadier Gerard* the tricks are sprinkled about as a kind of seasoning. They are of the kind which clever children, brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre, introduce into the dramas they write and perform for the edification of their parents and friends. To quote an instance. The Brigadier, in his search for the documents around which the play is written, comes to Talleyrand's house. The statesman is uncertain of the soldier's identity, so instructs his secretary to drop his handkerchief if Captain Morrow, as he is announced, prove to be Captain Gerard. The dropping of that handkerchief causes merriment among the sophisticated.

### A Trick Cabinet

Laughable, too, is the cabinet episode, which savours so of the excellent entertainments provided by Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant. Gerard, that brave, foolish soldier, comes to outwit Talleyrand. In the corner of the statesman's room is a cabinet which would arouse suspicion in the breast of the dullest playgoer. Into that cabinet, Gerard, of course, has to go. As this is the style of play in which the tables are always turned, Gerard has to come out and Talleyrand has to go in. The very apparent steps by which the playwright achieves his cabinet trick inspires a feeling of faint amusement. There is comforting assurance in the knowledge that by no possibility can any discomforting surprise be in store for us.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied, but in no case do these tricks irritate. They merely amuse. But the play has many bright moments. There is colour and movement in it, and the hero, of course, is a brave figure, for whom one is bound to entertain a hearty liking.

### Concerning the Players

Mr. Waller's performance has the touch of picturesqueness and force which he can supply so well. His Gerard is just the honest, lovable braggart, whose exploits have entertained so many readers. Mr. A. E. George's Napoleon was a clever study. Unfortunately, the actor, particularly in his movements, reminded us at times irresistibly of Mr. Pickwick. One of his exits—a run off with his hands behind his coat-tails—was Pickwickian in the extreme.

Mr. J. H. Irvine, whom I do not remember to have seen before in such an important character as General de Caulaincourt, created, despite obvious nervousness, a very favourable impression. He has repose, and carries himself well. His make-up, too, is excellent, and when he gets his voice under better control, his General de Caulaincourt should rank with the best-played characters in the piece.

*Photo* *Fradelle and Young*

**Miss Ellen Terry at sixteen years of age**

Miss Terry will shortly celebrate her jubilee in appropriate manner by playing Hermione in Mr. Tree's forthcoming production of *The Winter's Tale*. As a child of eight she made her first appearance in this Shakespearean play, under the management of Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre

### Miss Millard's Worried Look

Miss Evelyn Millard was her usual graceful, earnest self, but she has got into a bad way of wearing continually a worried look. The parts she has played of late have something to do with this. In *The Faithful Lover* her life was full of care, and in *The Harlequin King* she was far from being a contented woman. Now Miss Millard wears continually the look of one for whom life may have brief respite from care, but no real happiness. Worry pervades her whole being. In the new play there are occasions when affairs run smoothly with the Comtesse de Roquelaure. Miss Millard's countenance clears, it is true, but her smile is deprecating. It is the smile of one who says to herself, "I'm all right for the present, but I know something will turn up in a moment to worry me." Miss Evelyn Millard, abandon that worried look, and give a chance to your sweet and gracious personality! E. C. S.

---

Some rather trenchant criticisms appeared in our issue of February 28 upon the subject of theatre managers who farm out the rights to photograph their plays. The monopolist photographer was blamed for his dilatory methods in supplying prints to the illustrated papers, and it was suggested that free trade in the matter of taking photographs of plays would be better for all concerned, inasmuch as competition would quicken the delivery of the prints and induce the editor to accept more of them, since they were topical. Our contemporary, *Focus*, draws attention to these remarks, and adds :—

Amateurs who seek to place some of their pictures of topical events with editors of the illustrated press should note this instructive observation. You cannot send news pictures to editors too soon after the occurrence of the event depicted. Remember that, of all things, an editor dearly loves to be up-to-date in his illustrations as well as in his letterpress.

# BRIGADIER GERARD

Mr SHIEL BARRY
as
*Mons d'Albert*

Mr LEWIS WALLER *as Captain Gerard*

Mr A E GEORGE
as
*Napoleon*

Mr J. H. IRVINE
as
*General de Caulaincourt*

Miss EVELYN MILLARD *as Comtesse de Roquelaure*

at the

# IMPERIAL THEATRE

Mr EDWARD O'NEILL
as
*Talleyrand*

## A ROSE CARNIVAL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

While the proud Londoner is talking blithely of Spring, and pointing with pride to the crocuses in the parks, the Californian is rioting among the roses and celebrating their blossoming with a carnival. Southern California, indeed, has a semi-tropical climate, which would be perfect but for the rainy season in the winter

# PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

### The Voice of the People

Few people outside Paris know how popular King Edward is with the humbler classes in the city. They are really glad to see him, and in the way they greet him there is a ring of cordiality that strikes one as sincere. They are not only proud to have him here, but also happy. "*Le Roi d'Angleterre? Mais c'est un Parisien!*" said one workman to another. And this, in their idea, is the greatest compliment they can pay him. But this time the King's visit delighted the Parisians more than ever. They are deeply touched with England's attitude in the Algeciras affair, and it was amusing to listen to the comments of the crowd in respect to the King's stay. Said a 'bus conductor, with a knowing smile, to a passenger: "*Oui, monsieur, le Roi Edouard est à Paris, et, en ce moment, cela doit embêter l'empereur Guillaume.*" I give it you in the original, as no translation can do justice to the remark. The Parisians are happy because their pleasure is two-fold.

### The Herding of Servants

The case of the little servant, who sued a *concierge* for defamation of character, is likely to affect the servant classes as a body. The custom of housing domestics on the sixth floor of the great apartment houses, all by themselves, has been the subject of many attacks by those who hoped to put an end to this disgraceful system. In Zola's *Pot-Bouille* there is a graphic description of life in the attic; and M. Octave Mirabeau has also made this the object of some of his scathing remarks. For the first time, however, this herding together of domestic servants has received an official reproof, in a judgment given in connection with the case referred to. This little servant had asked for damages for the reports spread about her by the *concierge*, who had found fault with her behaviour on the sixth floor. The court refused to grant her damages, but ordered the owner of the house and the *concierge* to pay the costs of the action, "because these houses are built with the object of making as much money as possible out of them, with an absolute disregard to the comfort and the morality of the servants. From a hygienic point of view, too, this system is to be condemned, for, not only are these attic rooms lacking in light and air, but in other respects these sixth floors sow the

*Photo* *Illustrations Bureau*

**King Edward's visit to Paris**

His Majesty leaving the Elysée after a meeting with President Fallières

# Paris Week by Week

germs of phthisis and other illnesses that are carried throughout the building."

### Real Incidents Served up on the Stage

An amusing incident has been "suffocated"—as they say here—in Nice, but not before a popular playwright had heard of it and introduced it to a *théâtre à côté*, one of the side-shows where success depends on the culling and preparing of the events of the day. In culinary parlance, these events must be served hot and seasoned to taste. And at the Grand Guignol the seasoning is not stinted. Some would have liked the dish passed twice. But everybody knows that in polite Society this is impossible. The incident is sensational and very up-to-date. A certain lady, young, elegant, and pretty, with an exquisite distinction of manner and the slightest foreign accent, found her way into a smart set in the yachting world. Clever, witty, and accomplished—she was a delightful singer, and was entertained everywhere. For a fortnight the Comtesse de F—— was the guest whom everybody desired to meet and to have at their receptions. To-day, however, she is no longer received, and people pretend they have never known her. Who was she? What was she? An adventuress? No. Something much more up-to-date—a Society business-woman! A beauty doctor. She skilfully became intimate with the most mundane set on the Riviera, with the practical object of extending her connection. And when the psychological moment had arrived she disclosed her identity. As she expected, the ladies at once turned their backs upon her as a Society woman—and all went to her as clients.

The playwright who was inspired by this incident has dealt with it in *Une Conquête*. The *première* took place a few nights ago, and the Parisian audience was convulsed. For many of them had just returned from the South, and recognised the cleverly drawn portraits. On the stage the story is told of an elderly poet and his titled admirers, how the princesses and the duchesses worship the great man, and how a strange lady is announced: his latest conquest. In a few minutes she has dissected the paints and powders of *ces dames;* pointed out the defects in the poet's hair-dye; thrown her address at the panic-stricken assembly, and is gone. There is a short pause. Then the guests recover from the uncomfortable impression, shake hands with their host, and leave, murmuring 113, Square du Roule.

I should like to know how many of the women present assured themselves that a beauty doctor did not live at the address given. Beauty doctors are the craze of the age.

### Wanted, a "Milliardaire!"

The house belonging to the late Dr. Evans, and known as the "Palais des Souverains," because it was used as a residence for crowned heads on their visits to Paris, is again to be put up for sale. The last price asked was £120,000. The present one is £20,000 less. If the heirs continue to lessen their pretensions in the same proportion, in time the Palace will fall into the hands of the boarding-house keepers, who are waiting for it. In the meantime, there are hopes that between now and the allotted day a *milliardaire* may come forward and set up his home in the house of the famous dentist. It may seem strange that a mansion in one of the best situations in Paris, surrounded with a large garden, should not find a tenant. Some years ago it would have been bought up eagerly. To-day, however, people have an objection to large houses in town that entail heavy expenses. They prefer a flat, that they can lock up at will; they entertain at the big restaurants or hotels; and they are constantly on the road in their motors. Dr. Evans's heirs are cursing the motor.

Lancelot

**The King's Visit to Biarritz: A meet of the Hounds at the Hotel d'Angleterre**

The delightful French watering-place, which has of late been the scene of frequent meetings between the King of Spain and Princess Ena, is now entertaining King Edward, *incognito*

# SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

## The Famous Home of the Marquess of Anglesey

The Marquess of Anglesey

## Beau Desert

Should the rumours, which are again in the air, prove correct, that the owner of Beau Desert and Plâs-Newydd is destined to become the husband of Princess Patricia of Connaught, it would naturally be a very popular alliance with the English people generally. Lord Anglesey, through the early death of his strange cousin whose tastes inclined so strongly to jewels and the stage, has inherited a magnificent estate and income.

Lord Anglesey does not come of age until he is twenty-five—he was born in 1885—but he will then find himself in possession of the princely income of £120,000 per annum.

Before, however, Beau Desert will be suitable for residence, there will have to be an enormous amount of work done to the place. It is a fine Elizabethan brick building, with large stone cupolas, mullioned windows and dressings. It is situated some five miles south of Rugeley, in Staffordshire, and commands superb views from its north and east windows towards Cannock Chase, Stafford, Burton, and Lichfield. The features inside the house are the Great Hall, with its Minstrels' Gallery at the east end, and its fine window at the opposite end, looking out over the lovely wooded grounds and lily-covered pond. To the right of the Great Hall is a staircase hall, known as the Waterloo Staircase on account of the great picture of the Battle of Waterloo which hangs here, and in which Field-Marshal Lord Anglesey appears prominently, for he commanded the cavalry at Waterloo.

**Sisters of the Marquess of Anglesey**

Lady Herbert (*on left*), wife of the Earl of Pembroke's eldest son, and Viscountess Ingestre, wife of the eldest son of the Earl of Shrewsbury

The gallery is ninety-seven feet in length, and is panelled in oak to the ceiling. At the north end of it, double doors lead into the yellow drawing room, a very finely proportioned room with views over Cannock Chase. But most of these rooms are, at present, nearly empty, the result of the late peer's extravagances, for everything that it was possible to take away, or that was worth taking, was removed by the creditors and sold under the auctioneer's hammer.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

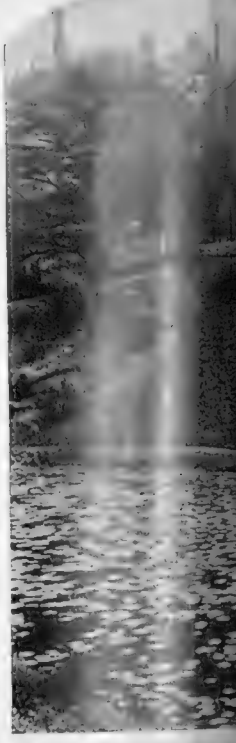
*Photos* *Leonard Willoughby*

**The great picture at Beau Desert of the Battle of Waterloo**

This picture is hung in the Waterloo Staircase Hall. Field-Marshal Lord Anglesey appears on the right of the painting pointing with his sword

# The Seat of the Marq

From the South West.



BEAU
Th

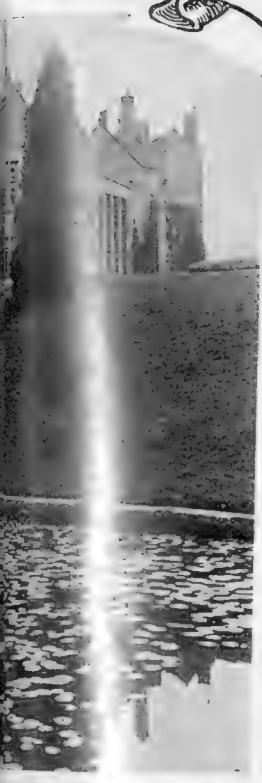
The Great Hall.

The D

Photos

(For account of Bea

# ...ess of Anglesey



Windows of the Great Hall.

...ESERT.
...Pool

...l Garden

The Long Gallery

...ue previous page)

Leonard Willoughby

# The Connoisseur

## SOME ANTIQUE FANS

Although Spain is *par excellence* the land of the fan, French influence was so dominant throughout European society for part of the seventeenth and during the eighteenth centuries that all collectors turn to the country of Louis XIV. and the two following kings as their chiefest field of adventure. The long years of this ascendancy produced thousands of varieties of work in many materials. Those of most interest to-day are such as have been graced by some clever painter on the upper part, or leaf, and decorated by gilder and carver, and the masters of the little arts, on the fan-sticks. Louis XIV., in his young and brilliant days, was painted on many a fan, surrounded by those seventeenth-century French gods and goddesses, whose beauties and whose adventures and successes he so easily outshone. The crowds of graceful courtiers who revolved about the Regent and the young King favoured the fan in every way.

Eighteenth-century fan

### Watteau and His Followers

The Louis XV. period was rich in painters whose gifts, admirable in many decorative pictures, were even more suitable for the delicate miniature of the fan. Watteau, with his many followers, understood this art to perfection. It is said that the master made a copy, with his own hand, of his most famous picture, "Embarquement pour l'Ile de Cithère," on the fan of the exquisite Marquise de Parabère, the gay and cultured intimate friend of the King. No subject could be more appropriate to the fan of the Marquise than that of Watteau's famous picture now in the Louvre, and also in the Royal Palace at Berlin, for there are two, very slightly different. It breathes the spirit of its age, but with delightful delicacy and grace, gaiety covers passion with a silver cloud, art aids nature at every turn, sophisticated simplicity reigns over every thought and deed of the gallant company. As one looks one hears again—

> The silk sail flaps, light breezes blow;
> Frail laces flutter, satins flow;
> You, with the love-knot in your hair,
> "Allons, embarquons pour Cythère;"
> You will not? Press her, then, Pierrot,—
> "Embarquons-nous!"

### Fans Hard to "Place"

But although the collector of fans may enjoy many styles, he has a constant difficulty before him in fixing the exact period of their production and the place of their origin. Painters rarely signed them, and dates are unusual. costumes and portraits, such as those shown in one of the fans we give, may sometimes help, but then there remains the difficulty that the fan may be a clever copy. This latter trap, however, need not be so greatly feared in regard to fans as in many other departments of connoisseurship. The cost of producing a copy of these delicate and beautiful expressions of art would be little short of the value of the original — unless it were absolutely historic. The three fans we give are typical of a delightful collection now on view at the Spanish Gallery; more may be learnt in regard to this branch of the connoisseur's activity by seeing and handling the examples there, than by anything that has been written on the subject, or by viewing the fans in the big collections, where they are shown under glass cases, which sometimes mislead and always defy the inquirer.

E. M.

Seventeenth and eighteenth-century fans from the exhibition at the Spanish Gallery, Conduit Street

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 14.

# THE ATTACK IN THE RUE DE LA PRESSE

By LEONARD MERRICK

*Author of "The Worldlings," "The Actor-Manager," "Cynthia," etc.*

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

"Once," remarked the poet Tricotrin, pitching his pen in the air, "there have been four suitors for the Most Beautiful of her Sex. The first young man was a musician, and he shut himself in his garret to create a divine melody, which should be dedicated to her. The second lover was a chemist, who experimented day and night to concoct a unique perfume, which she alone might use The third, who was a floriculturist, aspired constantly among his bulbs to evolve a lavender rose, which should immortalise the lady's name."

"And the fourth," inquired that luckless composer, Nicolas Pitou, "what did the fourth suitor do?"

"The fourth suitor waited for her every afternoon in the sunshine, while the others were at work, and carried her with great *éclat*. The moral of which is that, instead of cracking my head to make a sonnet to Claudine, I shall be wise to put on my hat and go to meet her."

"I rejoice that the *dénoûment* is arrived at," Pitou returned, "but it would be even more absorbing if I had previously heard of Claudine."

"Miserable dullard!" cried the poet; "do you tell me that you have not previously heard of Claudine? She is the only woman I have ever loved."

"A—ah!" rejoined Pitou; "certainly, I have heard of her a thousand times—only she has never been called 'Claudine' before."

"Well, well," said Tricotrin, "we are all liable to errors of the heart. Claudine, however, represents the devotion of a lifetime! I think seriously of writing a tragedy for her to appear in."

"I shall undertake to weep copiously at it if you present me with a pass," affirmed Pitou. "She is an actress, then, this Claudine? At what theatre is she blazing—the Montmartre?"

"How often I find occasion to lament that your imagination is no larger than the Quartier! Claudine is not of Montmartre at all, at all! My poor friend, have you never heard that there are theatres on the Grands Boulevards?"

"The rumour has reached me, I confess. So, you betake yourself to haunts of fashion? Now I begin to understand why you have become so prodigal with the blacking! For some time I have had the intention of reproaching you with your shoes—our finances are not equal to such lustre."

"Ah, when one truly loves, money is no object!" said Tricotrin. "However, if it is time misspent to write a sonnet to her, it is even more unprofitable to pass the evening justifying one's shoes." And, picking up his hat, the poet ran down the stairs and made his way as fast as his legs would carry him to the Comédie Royale.

He arrived at the stage-door with no more than three minutes to spare, and disposing himself in a graceful attitude, waited for Mlle. Claudine Hillairet to come out. It might have been observed that his confidence deserted him while he waited, for, although it was perfectly true that he adored her, he had omitted to add that the passion was not mutual. He was conscious that the lady might resent his presence on the doorstep; and, in fact, when she appeared, she said nothing more tender than—

"*Mon Dieu*, again you! What do you want?"

"How can you ask?" sighed the poet. "I came to walk home with you lest an electric tram knocked you down at one of the crossings. What a magnificent performance you have given this evening! Superb!"

"Were you in the theatre?"

"In spirit. My spirit, which no official can exclude, is present every night, though sordid considerations force me to remain corporally in my attic. Transported by admiration, I even burst into frantic applause there. How perfect is the sympathy between our souls!"

"Listen, my boy," she said. "You are crazy, and I am sorry for your relatives, if you have any—you must be a great grief to them. But I wish you to understand that I cannot have you dangling after me and talking this bosh. What do you suppose can come of it?"

"Fame shall come of it," averred the poet, "fame for us both! Do not figure yourself that I am a dreamer. Not at all! I am practical, a man of affairs. Are you content with your position in the Comédie Royale? No, you are not. You occupy a subordinate position; you play the rôle of a waiting-maid, which is quite unworthy of your genius, and understudy the *Ingénue*, who is a portly matron in robust health. The opportunity to distinguish yourself appears to you as remote as Mars. Do I romance, or is it true?"

"It is true," she said. "Well?"

"Well, I propose to alter all this—I! I have the intention of writing a great tragedy, and when it is accepted, I shall stipulate that you, and you alone, shall thrill Paris as my heroine. When the work of my brain has raised you to the pinnacle for which you were born—when the theatre echoes with our names—I shall fall at your feet, and you will murmur, 'Gustave—I love thee!'"

Next week will be published "'Twixt Cup and Lip," by FRANKFORT MOORE

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Why does not your mother do something?" she asked. "Is there nobody to place you where you might be cured? A tragedy? Imbecile! I am a comédienne to the finger-tips! What should I do with your tragedy, even if it were at the Français itself?"

"You are right," said Tricotrin; "I shall turn out a brilliant comedy instead! And when the work of my brain has raised you to the pinnacle for which you were born—when the theatre echoes with our names——"

She interrupted him by a peal of laughter which disconcerted him hardly less than her annoyance.

"It is impossible to be angry with you long," she declared, "you are too amusing! Also, as a friend, I do not object to you violently. Come, I advise you to be content with what you can have, instead of crying for the moon!"

"Well, I am not unwilling to make shift with it in the meantime," returned Tricotrin; "but friendship is a poor substitute for the heavens—and we shall see what we shall see. Tell me now, they mean to revive *La Curieuse* at the Comédie, I hear—what part in it have you been assigned?"

"Ah," exclaimed Mlle. Hillairet, "is it not always the same thing? I dust the same furniture with the same feather brush, and I say 'Yes,' and 'No,' and 'Here is a letter, madame.' That is all."

"I swear it is infamous!" cried the poet. "It amazes me that they fail to perceive that your gifts are buried. One would suppose that managers would know better than to condemn an artiste of *esprit* to perform such ignominious rôles. Also the critics! Why do not the critics call attention to an outrage which continues year by year? It appears to me that I shall have to use my influence with the Press." And so serious was the tone in which he made this boast, that the fair Claudine began to wonder if she had after all underrated the position of her out-at elbows gallant.

"Your influence?" she questioned, with an eager smile. "Have you, then, influence with the critics?"

"We shall see what we shall see," repeated Tricotrin, significantly. "I am not unknown in Paris, and I have your cause at heart—I may make a star of you yet. But while we are on the subject of astronomy, one question! When my services have transformed you to a star, shall I still be compelled to cry for the moon?"

Mlle. Hillairet's tones quivered with emotion as she murmured how grateful to him she would be, and it was understood, when he took leave of her, that if he indeed accomplished his design, his suit would no longer be hopeless.

The poet pressed her hand ardently, and turned homeward in high feather; and it was not until he had trudged a mile or so that the rapture in his soul began to subside under the remembrance that he had been talking through his hat.

"In fact," he admitted to Pitou when the garret was reached, "my imagination took wings unto itself; I am committed to a task beside which the labours of Hercules were as child's play. The question now arises how this thing, of which I spoke so confidently, is to be effected. What do you suggest?"

"I suggest that you allow me to sleep," replied Pitou, "for I shall feel less hungry then."

"Your suggestion will not advance us," demurred Tricotrin. "We shall, on the contrary, examine the situation in all its bearings. Listen! Claudine is to enact the waiting-maid in *La Curieuse*, which will be revived at the Comédie Royale in a fortnight's time; she will dust the Empire furniture, and say 'Yes' and 'No' with all the intellect and animation for which those monosyllables provide an opening. Have you grasped the synopsis so far? Good! On the strength of this performance, it has to be stated by the foremost dramatic critic in Paris that she is an actress of genius. Now, how is it to be done? How shall we induce Labarregue to write of her with an outburst of enthusiasm in *La Voix*?"

"Labarregue?" faltered Pitou. "I declare the audacity of your notion wakes me up!"

"Capital," said Tricotrin, "we are making progress already! Yes, we must have Labarregue—it has never been my motto to do things by halves. Dramatically, of course, I should hold a compromising paper of Labarregue's. I should say, 'Monsieur, the price of this document is an act of justice to Mlle. Claudine Hillairet. Is it agreed? Good! Sit down — you will write from my dictation!'"

"However——" said Pitou.

"However—I anticipate your objection—I do not hold such a paper. Therefore, that scene is cut! Well, let us find another! Where is your fertility of resource? *Mon Dieu!* Why should I speak to him at all?"

"I do not figure myself that you will speak to him—you would never get the chance."

"Precisely my own suspicion? What follows? Instead of wasting my time seeking an interview which would not be granted——"

"And which would lead to nothing even if it were granted!"

"And which would lead to nothing even if it were granted, as you point out; instead of doing this, it is evident that I must write Labarregue's criticism myself!"

"*Hein?*" ejaculated Pitou, sitting up in bed.

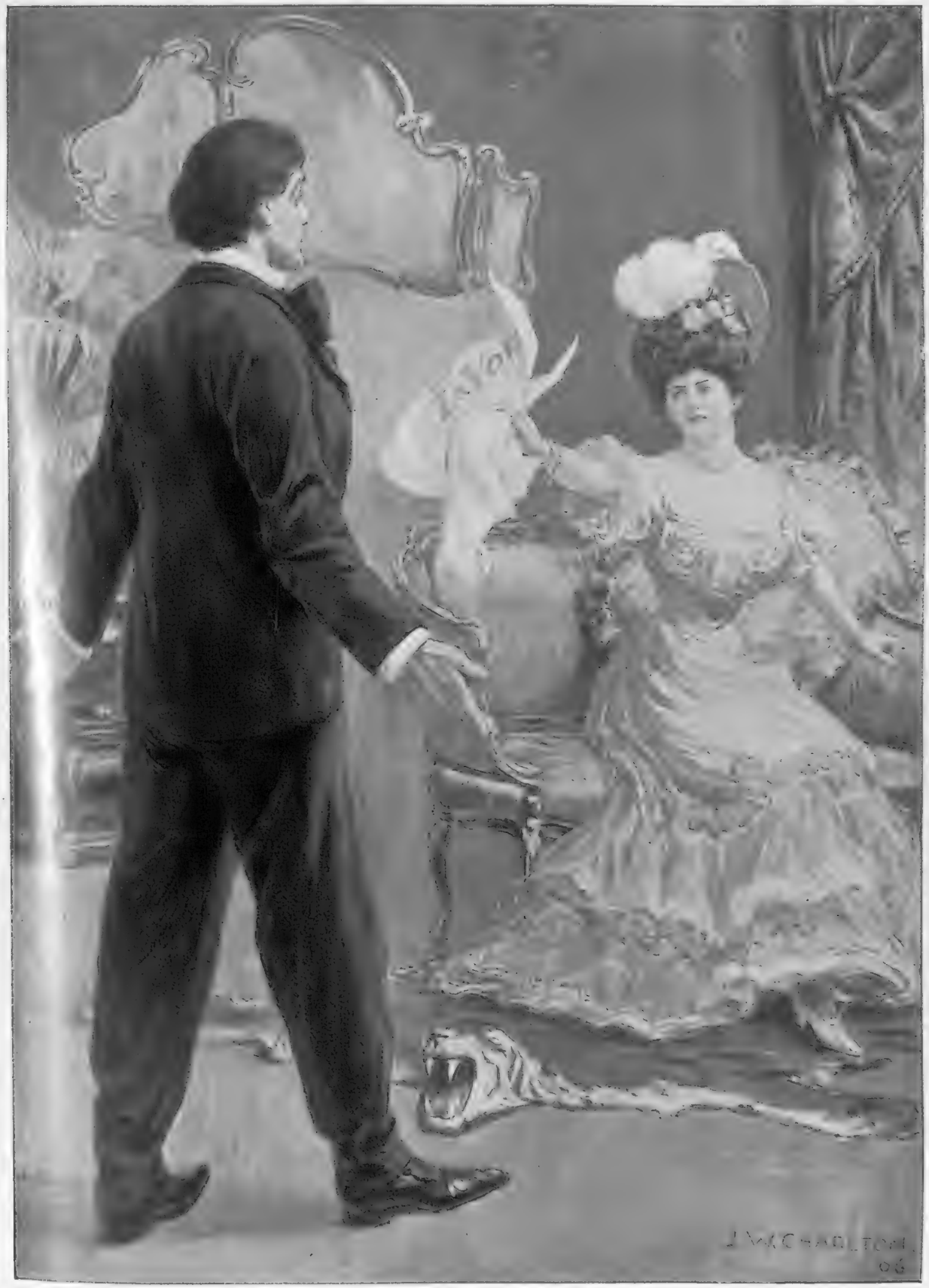
"I confess that I do not perceive yet how it is to be managed, but obviously it is the only course. *I* must write what is to be said, and *La Voix* must believe that it has been written by Labarregue! Come, we are getting on famously—we have now decided what we are to avoid!"

"By D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis," cried Pitou, "this will be the doughtiest adventure in which we have engaged!"

"You are right, it is an adventure worthy of our steel—by which I mean our steel pens. We shall enlighten the public, crown an artiste, and win her heart by way of reward—that is to say, *I* shall win her heart by way of reward. What your own share of the booty will be I do not recognise, but I promise you, at least, a generous half of the dangers."

"My comrade!" murmured Pitou. "Ever loyal! But do you not think that *La Voix* will smell a rat? What about the handwriting?"

"It is a weak point which had already presented itself to me. Could I have constructed the situation



The only misfortune was that when Tricotrin called victoriously upon Claudine, to clasp her in his arms, he found her in hysterics on the sofa

*DRAWN BY J. W. CHARLTON* *TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY*

to my liking, Labarregue would have the custom to typewrite his notices; however, as he is so inconsiderate as to knock them off in the Café de l'Europe, he has not that custom, and we must adapt ourselves to the circumstances that exist. The probability is that a criticism delivered by the accredited messenger, and signed with the familiar 'J. L.' will be passed without question; the difference in the handwriting may be attributed to an amanuensis. When the great man writes his next notice, I shall make it my business to be taking a *bock* in the Café de l'Europe, in order that I may observe closely what happens. There is to be a *répétition générale* at the Vaudeville on Monday night—on Monday night, therefore, I hope to advise you of our plan of campaign. Now do not speak to me any more—I am about to compose a eulogy on Claudine, for which Labarregue will, in due course, receive the credit."

The poet fell asleep at last, murmuring dithyrambic phrases; and if you suppose that in the soberness of daylight he renounced his harebrained project, it is certain that you have never lived with Tricotrin in Montmartre.

No, indeed, he did not renounce it. On Monday night—or rather in the small hours of Tuesday morning—he awoke Pitou with enthusiasm.

"*Mon vieux*," he exclaimed, "the evening has been well spent! I have observed, and I have reflected. When he quitted the Vaudeville, Labarregue has entered the Café de l'Europe, seated himself at his favourite table, and written without cessation for half an hour. When his critique was finished, he placed it in an envelope, and commanded his supper. All this time I, sipping a *bock* leisurely, have accorded to his actions á scrutiny worthy of the secret police. Presently a lad from the office of *La Voix* has appeared; he approached Labarregue, received the envelope, and departed. At this point, my *bock* was finished; I paid for it and sauntered out, keeping the boy well in view. His route to the office lay through a dozen streets which were all deserted at so late an hour; but I remarked one that was even more forbidding than the rest—a mere alley that seemed positively to have been designed for our purpose. Our course is clear—we shall attack him in the Rue de la Presse."

"Really?" inquired Pitou, somewhat startled.

"But really! We shall not shed his blood; we will make him turn out his pockets, and then, disgusted by the smallness of the swag, toss it back to him with a cuff on the ear. Needless to say that when he escapes, he will be the bearer of *my* criticism, not of Labarregue's. He will have been too frightened to remark the exchange."

"It is not bad, your plan"

"It is an inspiration! But to render it absolutely safe, we must have an accomplice."

"Why, is he so powerful, your boy?"

"No, *mon ami*, the boy is not so powerful, but the alley has two ends—I do not desire to be arrested while I am giving a life-like representation of an Apache! I think we will admit Lajeunie to our scheme—as a novelist he should appreciate the situation. If Lajeunie keeps guard at one end of the alley, while you stand at the other, I can do the business without risk of being interrupted and removed to gaol."

"It is true. As a danger signal, I shall whistle the first bars of my Fugue."

"Good! And we will arrange also a signal with Lajeunie. *Mon Dieu*! will not Claudine be amazed next day? I shall not breathe a word to her in the meantime; I shall let her open *La Voix* without expectation; and then—ah, what joy will be hers! 'The success of the evening was made by the actress who took the rôle of the maid-servant, and had perhaps six words to utter. But with what vivacity, with what *esprit* were they delivered! Every gesture, every sparkle of the eyes, betokened the comédienne. For myself, I ceased to regard the fatuous *Ingénue*, I forgot the presence of the famous leading lady; I watched absorbed the facial play of this maid-servant, whose brains and beauty, I predict, will speedily bring Paris to her feet?'"

"Is that what you mean to write?"

"I shall improve upon it. I am constantly improving—that is why the notice is still not finished. It hampers me that I must compose in the strain of Labarregue himself, instead of allowing my eloquence to soar. By the way, we had better speak to Lajeunie on the subject soon, lest he should pretend that he has another engagement for that night; he is a good boy, Lajeunie, but he always pretends that he has engagements in fashionable circles."

The pair went to him the following day, and when they had climbed to his garret on the sixth floor, found the young literary man in bed.

"It shocks me," said Pitou, "to perceive that you rise so late, Lajeunie; why are you not dashing off chapters of a romance?"

"*Mon Dieu*," replied Lajeunie, "I was making studies among the *beau monde* until a late hour last night at a reception; and, to complete my fatigue, it was impossible to get a cab when I left."

"Naturally; it happens to everybody when he lacks a cab-fare," said Tricotrin. "Now tell me, have you any invitation from a duchess for next Thursday evening?"

"Thursday, Thursday?" repeated Lajeunie, thoughtfully. "No, I believe that I am free for Thursday."

"Now, that is fortunate!" exclaimed Tricotrin. "Well, we want you to join us on that evening, my friend."

"Indeed, we should have been most disappointed otherwise," put in Pitou.

"Certainly; I shall have much pleasure," said Lajeunie. "Is it a supper?"

"No," said Tricotrin, "it is a robbery. I shall explain. Doubtless you know the name of 'Mademoiselle Claudine Hillairet'?"

"I have never heard it in my life. Is she in Society?"

"Society? She is in the Comédie Royale. She is a great actress, but—like us all—unrecognised."

"My heart bleeds for her. Another comrade!"

"I was sure I could depend upon your sympathy. Well, on Thursday night they will revive *La Curieuse* at the Comédie, and I myself propose to write Jules Labarregue's critique of the performance. Do you tumble?"

(*Continued on page 542*)

*Photo* *Ellis and Walery*

**Miss Alexandra Carlisle**

Leading lady in Mr. Nat Goodwin's Company, which has recently been playing at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss Carlisle, in this short season, made her first appearance in England, and created a great impression by her talent as well as by her beauty

(Continued from page 540)

"It is a gallant action. Yes, I grasp the climax, but at present I do not perceive how the plot is to be constructed."

"Labarregue's notices are despatched by messenger," began Pitou.

"From the Café de l'Europe," added Tricotrin.

"So much I know," said Lajeunie.

"I shall attack the messenger, and make a slight exchange of manuscripts," Tricotrin went on.

"A blunder!" proclaimed Lajeunie; "you show a lack of invention. Now be guided by me, because I am a novelist and I understand these things. The messenger is an escaped convict, and you say to him, 'I know your secret. You do my bidding, or you go back to the galleys; I shall give you three minutes to decide!'"

"But there is no convict," demurred Tricotrin. "The messenger is an apple-cheeked boy."

"Oh, it is a stupid plot," said Lajeunie, "I shall not collaborate in it!"

"Consider!" cried Tricotrin; "do not throw away the chance of a lifetime—think what I offer you! You shall hang about the end of a dark alley, and whistle if anybody comes. How literary again is that! You may develop it into a novel that will make you celebrated! Pitou will be at the other end. I and the apple-cheeked boy who is to die—that is to say, to be duped—will occupy the centre of the stage—I mean the middle of the alley. And on the morrow, when all Paris rings with the fame of Claudine Hillairet, I, who adore her, shall have won her heart!"

"Humph," said Lajeunie. "Well, since the synopsis has a happy ending, I consent."

With what diligence did the poet write each day now! How lovingly he selected his superlatives! Never in the history of the Press had such ardent care been lavished on a criticism.

It was precisely half-past eleven when the three conspirators arrived at the doors of the Comédie Royale, and lingered near by until the audience poured forth. Labarregue was among the first to appear. He paused on the steps to take a cigarette, and stepped briskly into the noise and glitter of the boulevard. The young men followed, exchanging feverish glances. Soon the glow of the Café de l'Europe was visible. The critic entered, made a sign to the waiter, and seated himself gravely at a table.

Everybody gazed with interest at him. To those who did not know, *habitués* whispered, "There is Labarregue—see, he comes to write his criticism on the revival of *La Curieuse!*" Labarregue affected serene unconsciousness of all this, but secretly he lapped it up. Occasionally he passed his hand across his brow with a gesture profoundly intellectual.

Few people remarked that at brief intervals three shabby young men strolled in, who betrayed no knowledge of one another, and merely called for *bocks*. None suspected that these humble customers plotted to consign the celebrity's criticism to the flames.

Without a sign of recognition, taciturn and impassive, the three young men waited, their eyes bent upon the critic's movements.

By and by Labarregue thrust his "copy" into an envelope provided by the waiter. Some moments afterwards one of the young men asked another waiter for the materials to write a letter. The paper he crumpled in his pocket; in the envelope he placed the forged critique.

A quarter of an hour passed. Then a youth of about sixteen hurried in and made his way to Labarregue's table. At this instant Lajeunie rose and left. As the youth received the "copy," Tricotrin also sauntered out. When the youth again reached the door, it was just swinging behind Pitou.

The conspirators were now in the right order—Lajeunie pressing forward, Tricotrin keeping pace with the boy, Pitou a few yards in the rear.

The boy proceeded swiftly. It was late, and even the Grands Boulevards showed few pedestrians now; in the side streets the quietude was unbroken. Tricotrin whipped on his mask at the opening of the passage. When the messenger was half-way through it, the attack was made suddenly, with determination.

"Fat one," exclaimed the poet, "I starve—give me five francs!"

"*Hein?*" stammered the youth, jumping; "I have not five francs, I!——"

"Give me all you have—empty your pockets, let me see! If you obey, I shall not harm you; if you resist, you are a dead boy!"

The youth produced, with trepidation, a sou, some cigarettes, a ball of string, a clasp knife, a young lady's photograph, and Labarregue's notice. The next moment the exchange of manuscripts had been deftly accomplished.

"Devil take your rubbish," cried the Apache; "I want none of it—there! Be off, or I shall shoot you for wasting my time."

The whole affair had occupied less than a minute; and the three adventurers skipped to Montmartre rejoicing.

And how glorious was their jubilation in the hour when they opened *La Voix* and read Tricotrin's pronouncement over the initials "J. L."! There it was, printed word for word—the leading lady was dismissed with a line, the *Ingénue* received a sneer, and for the rest, the column was a panegyric of the waiting-maid! The triumph of the waiting-maid was unprecedented and supreme. Certainly, when Labarregue saw the paper, he flung round to the office furious; but *La Voix* did not desire people to know that it had been taken in, so the matter was hushed up, and Labarregue went about pretending that he actually thought all those fine things of the waiting-maid.

The only misfortune was that when Tricotrin called victoriously upon Claudine, to clasp her in his arms, he found her in hysterics on the sofa—and it transpired that she had not represented the waiting-maid after all. On the contrary, she had at the last moment been promoted to the part of the *Ingénue*, while the waiting-maid had been played by a little actress whom she much disliked.

"It is cruel, it is monstrous, it is heartrending!" gasped Tricotrin, when he grasped the enormity of his failure; "but, light of my life, why should you blame *me* for this villainy of Labarregue's?"

"I do not know," she said; "however, you bore me, you and your 'influence with the press' Get out!"

LEONARD MERRICK.

# A French Actress Who Defied the Tsar

**Mlle. Robine, whose daring is at present the talk of St. Petersburg**

At the annual ceremony of the Blessing of the Waters of the Neva, Mlle. Robine took up a position in front of the soldiery facing the Tsar. Nicholas sent an aide-de-camp to request her to retire, but this the actress refused to do. The officer returned to the Tsar, announcing that the lady was a Frenchwoman, and that she refused to stir, at which Nicholas exclaimed, laughingly: "Then let her be! If she is French, we can do nothing with her"

# By Field, Stream & Covert.

**Royalty and the Garth Hunt**

It is tolerably well known that in his younger days the King was very fond of a gallop with hounds, and he saw much good sport with the Pytchley, Bicester, Heythrop, and other packs. Nowadays, His Majesty contents himself with occasionally attending a meet, yet his interest in the sport goes further than this, for he is not only President of the Garth Hunt, but the best covert-owner in the country hunted over by those hounds. The Royal coverts at Windsor shelter an immensity of game, but, at the same time, foxes are not discouraged, and, as a matter of fact, the Garth Hunt can always rely upon finding more hunting material on Royal property during the season than elsewhere in their wide-spreading country. In Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Ranger of Windsor Great Park, the Garth Hounds boast a very firm friend. In the days of Mr. T. C. Garth, who hunted the pack for fifty years and now, in the time of his well-earned retirement, finds the hounds still bearing his name, Prince Christian was a regular follower. Even to-day there are few keener men among the senior members of the Hunt, and where horses and hunting are concerned we can certainly class His Royal Highness among the enthusiasts. Prince Christian has seen the character of the Garth country much changed by the spread of the towns and the irresistible march of the builder of villas, but hounds still have plenty of room in some parts, and the future of this old-established Hunt is in no immediate danger.

*Photo* *Elliott and Fry*

**The Rev. Sir William Hyde Parker**

Who is giving up the Mastership of the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds at the end of the season

**A Curious Incident**

Mr. R. H. Gosling succeeded Mr. T. C. Garth four seasons back, and things have gone very smoothly with the pack under his management. The current season has been one of the best for sport of recent years, about fifty brace of foxes having been accounted for up to the moment of writing. The old régime was called to mind a few days ago, for the hounds hunted a fox into Mr. Garth's park. Reynard took refuge in the ice-house, but the bitch-hound Gaylass sprang on to the straw-thatched roof, made an opening, and seized hold of the fox. Then she dragged him down to the body of the pack, and one more fox was added to the list of slain. The incident will doubtless have greatly interested the veteran ex-M.F.H. in whose grounds the scene was enacted, and it is pleasant to know, by the way, that Mr. Garth continues to enjoy fairly good health.

**The Hunting Parson**

The Rev. Sir William Hyde Parker, who was ordained twenty years ago, and held the curacy of All Saints', Wokingham, from 1886 until 1890, is one of those sporting parsons who have aspired to the Mastership of Foxhounds, and filled the office with much success. To begin with, Sir William was content with a pack of harriers, which he hunted from his Suffolk home, Melford Hall. Then the command of the Newmarket and Thurlow Foxhounds fell vacant. Sir William offered his services, and was gladly accepted by the members, with the happy result that sport has been quite as good in this plough country as under any Master since the days of Squire Osbaldeston, who was one of the earliest of its leaders. And now Sir William Hyde Parker has made up his mind to retire at the end of the season, which will leave the list of foxhounds with only two Masters who have taken holy orders, namely, the Rev. E. A. Milne, who carries on the Cattistock Hounds with all the enthusiasm of the famous Parson Jack Russell, and the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, who has hunted the mountainous Coniston country for a quarter of a century.

**New Masters**

It is satisfactory to observe that several of the gaps caused by recent resignations are being suitably filled, though the number of vacancies is still somewhat formidable. In the far North the members of the Percy Hunt have been fortunate in securing the services of a local sportsman in the person of Mr. J. P. Pease, of Alnmouth, in succession to Mr. Alex Browne. The new Master will carry on the pack in the same way as hitherto, except that, unlike Mr. Browne, he will employ a professional huntsman, which circumstance, as the Duke of Northumberland remarked at the time of Mr. Pease's election, will enable the M.F.H. to look more

Prince Christian and Mr. R. H. Gosling (the Master) at the meet of the Garth Hounds at Sawyer's Gate on Saturday, March 3

*Photos* *Illustrations Bureau*

**Prince Christian in at the kill with the Garth on Saturday, March 3**

His Royal Highness has been for many years a foremost supporter and regular follower of these hounds

carefully after his field. Mr. Fred Usher, one of the three brothers who are at present hunting the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hounds, has consented to take the late Sir James Miller's place in the Mastership of the Northumberland and Berwickshire Foxhounds. But, at present, he proposes to hunt only the Scottish side of the country, and new arrangements will probably have to be made for covering the Northumberland portion. In Ireland, that brilliant cross-country rider, Captain R. H. Collis, who, as recently as the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, was on the back of a good winner, has been appointed to the command of the United Hunt Club Hounds, while Captain Montgomery has been chosen to succeed Mr. David Ker in the leadership of the County Down Staghounds.

new Masters have had to be found nearly every other season, and few things are more detrimental to the well-being of a hunting country than these frequent changes. However, in the present emergency the members of the Hunt have found a local sportsman in Captain R. L. Heygate ready to take over the country, and his appointment has already been formally ratified.

**With the Albrighton**

In his first season with the Albrighton Hounds, Colonel Goulburn has had the advantage of a splendid and carefully-bred pack, a good huntsman in Charles Morris — whom he wisely engaged from the Grafton country—and the whole-hearted support of members, covert-owners, and

**A meet of the Albrighton Foxhounds**

With which pack Colonel Goulburn has had a successful first season as M.F.H.

**Ledbury and North Herefordshire**

Returning to English hunting countries, there is the good news to record that Sir William Cooke will be found in command of the Ledbury Hounds next season. The keen young Yorkshire sportsman has filled the Mastership of the North Herefordshire Foxhounds this season, but that country scarcely affords scope enough for his keenness and ambitious energy. He is anxious to hunt his own hounds, and by so doing in the Ledbury country—where his responsibilities and duties will be doubled—he will follow the example of the outgoing Master, Mr. R. C. Forster. The North Herefordshire Hounds, which Sir William Cooke relinquishes in favour of the more important Ledbury pack, have scarcely had a real chance of distinguishing themselves of late years, for farmers. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the results have been satisfactory, and several big runs have been enjoyed with the pack. One particularly fine gallop, lasting sixty-five minutes, fell to those out on the 26th ult., when hounds finished brilliantly by bowling their fox over in the open. The present excellence of the Albrighton Hounds is largely due to the care and forethought of Sir Thomas Boughey, who was M.F.H. from 1866 to 1887. After he had hunted the country for five seasons, Sir Thomas had the dire misfortune to lose nearly all his hounds, owing to an outbreak of dumb-madness. He at once set to work to form another good kennel, and with such success that the pack he sold to Mr. James Foster, of Apley Park (who still owns the hounds), was full of good blood and splendidly adapted to the country.

A. W. C.

# An African "Cure" for Nerve Patients

At Hammam R'Hira, the African Nerve Resort: Leaving the Grand Hotel des Bains

THAT Britons should favour the French claims on Morocco is, after all, natural, for what happier fate could befall any country than to come under the genial influence that has made Algeria the joy of the invalid tourist. Say what you may about its lovely and almost rainless climate, and its glorious scenery, the magnet that draws the invalid to Algeria is the fact that it is not only Africa but France, the boulevards touched by the tropics. All that French civilisation has done, however, has, fortunately, not entirely Europeanised the country. It still offers to the visitor the delights of Africa. Perhaps, though, these are better enjoyed in the *hinterland* than in Algiers and the coast towns, and as an example of the combined charms may be mentioned Hammam R'Hira, the delightful *place des bains* of which some views are here given.

Sport at Hammam R'Hira: Visitors inspecting a 7-ft. panther shot in the forest near by

The European tastes of a visitor are satisfied by the excellent hotel accommodation, and the well-kept roads and parks. But Hammam R'Hira offers one not only the benefits of the baths, renowned for their properties in curing nervous diseases, and a situation 1,900 feet over sea level, commanding a superb panorama, but also magnificent opportunities for sport. The dead panther, seven feet in length, in our second photograph was shot in the environs of the town. In the pine forest of 1,800 acres there is an abundance of game (red partridges, hares, rabbits, wild boars and jackals), so that exciting sport is not lacking. There are also numerous beautiful walks, and excursions can be made on ponies, mules, or donkeys.

Hammam R'Hira is now at the height of its season, which lasts from October to May. During the winter, its temperature ranges from 53 deg. to 60 deg. Fahr. in the morning, and 65 deg. to 70 deg. at mid-day, so that, just now, its visitors are enjoying, practically, the English summer.

Starting for a day's excursion in the pine forest near Hammam R'Hira

# THE LIBRARY

*Books to order*

## *Miscellaneous*

"The Making of Modern Egypt." By Sir Auckland Colvin, K.C.S.I. (Seeley and Co.: 18*s.*)
"Suggestions for the Better Government of India." By Sir F. S. P. Lely, C.S.I., K.C.S.I. (Alston Rivers: 1*s.*)
"More Violets." Poems. By Violet M. Firth. (Jarrold and Sons: 1*s.* net.)
"The New Sketch Book." (Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

## *Fiction*

"Uncle Peaceable." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Misses Make Believe." By Mary S. Boyd. (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*)
"The Garden of Mystery." By Richard Marsh. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"Richard Raynal, Solitary." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Pitman: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

### Child-Verse

"A chiel's amang us," it appears,—writing poems, to wit, Miss Violet M. Firth, aged fifteen, and, faith, she *has* printed them under the respective titles of *Violets* and *More Violets* (Jarrold and Sons). The latter contains a score or so of very nice, graceful verses, all written during 1905, when Miss Firth was fourteen. The lines are chiefly inspired by the sea, near which Miss Firth has spent her life. "There were few days when I did not go to see it in its various moods, of calm and storm, sunshine or gloom," she writes at the end of the volume. Child-verse does not, of course, call for special comment. Poetic effusions at fourteen—especially of the kind favoured by Miss Firth—are merely a token that a child possesses a nice disposition, an ear for the music of words, and the power of observation. That a child who writes poems will be the worse for it in after-life is unlikely. On the contrary, I know of many erstwhile child-poets who are now happily married, and who yield to none in housewifely and motherly virtues.

*Photo* *Russell and Sons*

**Miss Violet Firth, the Child Poet**

She wrote about twenty poems in 1905, at the age of fourteen, has published them (Jarrold and Sons), and is writing some more

* * *

### Sanguinary Story by Mr. Marsh

"If you'll kill my husband within a week, I'll give you five thousand pounds, and I'll give you another five thousand pounds if you'll get Doris Owen hung for it; and now you really have it."

Yes, now you really have it! You have, in the above characteristic sentence, an inkling of the nature of the central figure in Mr. Richard Marsh's latest shocker, *The Garden of Mystery*. Mrs. Thurston is a charming and pretty woman, whose character is slightly marred by a tendency to murder people. She murders a man in the first chapter, that she may marry one Alan Thurston. Then growing tired of Alan Thurston, and having a fad that she would like to marry one Lord Ifield, she arranges to murder him too, by proxy, in a summer-house. The person she hires to do the act is a woman, who has the technique of murder at her finger-ends, a most sanguinary young person. In spite of her surety, however, she fails to kill Alan Thurston, who makes himself troublesome for the rest of the story. The book opens well and vividly—the Monte Carlo murder and the fun that follows is bright and lively narrative, but Mr. Marsh seems to get bored with his plot and his characters about a third of the way through, for they appear to degenerate into a most futile and slipshod crowd, who would be tedious were they a shade less bloodthirsty. In one way, Mr. Marsh saves the reader a lot of trouble—he always lets you know which are the villains of the piece by making them vulgar. A meeting between conspirators, male and female, is a positive orgie of slang. Nevertheless, if I want to be sure of a really exciting time, free from intellectual strain, there is no writer who satisfies me like Mr. Marsh.

* * *

### England in Egypt

There are subjects about which, I suppose, it is only decent for an author to be dull, and therefore, no doubt, it is foolish to complain that *The Making of Modern Egypt*, by Sir Auckland Colvin, K.C.S.I., is somewhat ponderous in treatment. At the same time, if Sir Auckland had imparted just a little more of a human touch to the narrative, it would have been none the less valuable as history, and yet have attracted a more general body of readers. That said, however, it may only be added that the work contains a most searching and thorough analysis of England's great work in restoring prosperity to the distracted land of the Pharoahs, from the days of the old Anglo-French dual control and the rebellion, up to the happy International Agreement of recent and splendid memory. Ample tribute is paid to the administrative feats of Lords Dufferin and Cromer, Sir Edgar Vincent, Sir Eldon Gorst, and others, and there are interesting descriptive chapters, such as that of the fatal mission of General Gordon, the intrigues of the Khalifa after the British retirement, and of the final smashing by Kitchener of Dervish misrule.

* * *

### Why Not "Monthly" Annuals?

Since the beginning of the year, my bookshelf has had to accommodate a batch of unusual little visitors, the supplements to the various annuals, *Debrett*, *Who's Who*, *Whitaker's*, *Hazell's*, and the like, containing the political changes consequent on

the Dissolution and the General Election. These are of very great value, but my chief regret is that such books are not issued more frequently. Every month of the year our *Debrett*, or *Who's Who*, our *Whitaker*, or *Hazell*, receives some important modification. Someone has died, or resigned, got married, or promoted, added to or lost his reputation, yet only at the end of the current year is the duly inscribed in our works of reference. I suggest that the publishers should issue, every month, a revised supplement to their work, containing a complete record of the alterations from the beginning of the year to date. V. C.

## A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

**A Strange Novel**

No sooner had I written what appeared a week ago about the Benson family and its writings than Father Hugh Benson's new devotional novel (the word "novel" seems almost sacrilegious; but it *is* a novel) came into my hands. It is one of those books in regard to which "atmosphere" is the word that forces itself upon the critic. "The History of Richard Raynal, Solitary" (Pitman: 3*s.* 6*d.*), is pervaded with atmosphere from beginning to end: the atmosphere of an ordered intellectual piety, intensely Catholic, intensely unworldly. It is the story of an English hermit of the evil days of the fifteenth century; of his religious experiences, his relations with King Henry the Sixth, his sufferings and death. (I do not believe in giving away the story.) It is a strange and talented piece of work, which, it is curious to observe, might have been written by a man who had never seen or lived in the modern world, so remote is it from the spirit of to-day.

*Photo* *Basini, Cambridge*

**Father Hugh Benson**

Another literary member of the famous clerical family, who has written a "devotional" novel, entitled "Richard Raynal, Solitary" (Pitman: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

**Lord Hugh as Reviewer**

There is something amusing to a flippant mind about the appearance of a review of Mr. John Morley's Life of Gladstone in the *Fortnightly* this month. Lord Hugh Cecil is the reviewer; and it is not surprising to find the leading intellect among Conservatives of the old type bringing us back to a style of reviewing that has long been dead. The Life of Gladstone was published in 1903. It has taken Lord Hugh almost as long to produce a review of it as it took Mr. Morley to write it. None of your "published to-day" business for a son of the great Lord Salisbury. He has read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, as the old reviewers did in the days before that fatal measure, the Reform Act of 1832; and now he offers a weighed and valuable criticism and commentary upon the book. If all goes well, we may have Lord Hugh's views on Mr. Churchill's life of Lord Randolph toward the year of grace 1910.

**The Reviewing of To-day**

As everybody knows, modern reviewing is largely a farce. The joke about the reviewer never reading the book is firmly established, and bids fair to prove immortal. Two things have altered the meaning of the word "review": the vast growth of the practice of writing mediocre or preposterously bad books, and the vast growth of the power of advertisement. Publishers want the books they publish noticed as much as possible; and, as they are possible advertisers, their wishes are met as much as possible by the papers and periodicals. But as no paper has a staff large enough or strong enough to read all the books from beginning to end as they come out, and as the publishers do not want criticism on a high plane, but a notice as favourable as may be, a practice has sprung up of "noticing" the huge mass of indifferent books, which usually amounts to saying roughly what they are about, with a few conventional phrases of comment which mean nothing. The good and the excellent books receive more careful treatment; but even they are reviewed helter-skelter, for the publisher wants his wares to have a good send-off. The new volume of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts," a book that it would take a capable man a long time to read judicially, and at least as long to think over, is dashed at and floored in a single evening by the "published to-day" expert, who receives an early review copy.

**Lions in the Path**

Think what you will, reviewing is not an easy business. For an honest man the mere labour of finding out conscientiously what are the bare plots of half a dozen stupid novels, so as to give a few lines to each, is a wearisome task. And if one is dishonest, and merely pretends to have an idea what they are all about, there are several lions in the path. You have to avoid offending several people. If you are unjust to a book — and very often if you are just — you annoy the publisher; and if he makes his annoyance felt in the advertisement department, you annoy your paymasters. You annoy the author; which does not matter so much unless you are kind-hearted, or unless he lives next door. If it is a biography, you may annoy the subject of it, if he is alive. If he is dead, you may annoy his family; as the *Daily Telegraph* reviewer of the life of Lord Randolph found out lately, when his paper received a scathing letter from the Duke of Marlborough about an unfortunate remark. So really reviewing is not such a light-hearted business as a good many of the reading public seem to think.

E C B

# GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

## THE LONDON FOURSOME TOURNAMENT

The Foursome Tournament, which owes its inception to the public spirit of the Walton Heath Golf Club and Mr. Herbert Fowler, the ruling genius of that institution, is a notable sign of the return to favour of the foursome game. The swing of the pendulum, to use an expression much in favour among politicians of late, after a long period of disinclination, has now inclined definitely and strongly in the direction of the finest form of the game of golf. I may be allowed some expression of great delight at this development, for I have ever been a strong supporter of the foursome, both in print and in conversation.

* * *

### Merits of the Foursome

My readers will, perhaps, remember that on several occasions I urged the claims of the foursome, not only on account of its intrinsic merits, but also because of its educational value in a golfing sense. For quite a long period the foursome went completely out of fashion, while singles, three, and four-ball matches reigned supreme. The reasons for this neglect of the foursome are not far to seek. The principal cause lay in the extraordinary rush of golf in the South, which involved a vast influx of new players who knew very little about the traditions of the game, and whose main delight in it consisted in hitting the ball as often as possible. The foursome, naturally, did not appeal to them, for, in cricket parlance, they would only be "in" for half the game. The psychological fascination, the "finesse," and the combination of the foursome, said nothing to them. They had taken up golf just because of its delightful quality of never leaving them idle for a moment, and they did not see the force of trying a form of golf which put them at the mercy of a partner and robbed them of half the joy of the game.

* * *

### Evasive Excuses

Even in the North, as the army of Southern golfers invaded the ancient home of the game, the foursome had a bad time, and it became increasingly difficult to induce players to make a foursome match. If you could persuade your opponent of the morning to join you in challenging another couple, one of the latter generally made some specious excuse for evading a foursome by alleging that the other man "wanted his revenge," or suggested the four-ball variety, if the conditions of the course permitted of it. I take some pride in the fact that so long ago as the early 'nineties I noted this tendency, and did my best to combat it, not only by precept, but by practice, for, with the aim of encouraging foursomes, I presented the Jersey Golf Club with a challenge cup for competition by foursomes. Others, influenced by the same considerations as myself, did the like at other clubs, so that at many club meetings members were more or less forced to participate in this form of golf.

* * *

### A Dilatory Revival

Slowly and by degrees the foursome has come back to life, and promises once more to enjoy vigorous and active health. The great professional match of last year no doubt gave an immense impetus to the old-fashioned favourite. That match was watched by thousands of players, and the details of it were read by hundreds of thousands It must have naturally occurred to these thousands of watchers and readers to ask themselves why the match was conducted in the form of a foursome, and they would have not much difficulty in satisfactorily answering that question. There is so much more play, so much more generalship and combination, in the foursome than in the four-ball atrocity, that once a player has seen a foursome match between two evenly matched couples of fine players he will be eager to try that form of golf, and, once having tried it, will not easily give it up in favour of any debased variety of it. Nowadays, I am glad to say, nearly all team matches are contested by singles in the first, and by foursomes in the second, round.

* * *

### The Walton Heath Competition

The Walton Heath Club authorities have practically set the seal on this modern return to the foursome by instituting a competition for a trophy on novel and excellent lines. Anything that tends to bring amateur and professional play into closer touch has my warmest approval. The Walton Heath competition allows each club that enters to select as representatives either one professional attached to the club and one amateur, or two amateurs. The great majority of entrants have availed themselves of the former facility, and we thus get such admirable couples as J. H. Taylor and Mr. S. H. Fry, and James Braid and Mr. O. C. Bevan. I am convinced that this competition will not only give an added stimulus to foursome play, but will have an excellent effect on amateur form. To play as the partner of such men as Taylor, Braid, and their compeers, is a liberal education in golf by itself, while the spirit of good fellowship and *camaraderie* between amateurs and professionals, which has ever been one of the most charming features of golf, will be further strengthened and consolidated. My heartiest congratulations go, therefore, to Mr. Fowler and his fellow-members of the Walton Heath Club Committee on their wise and far seeing policy in starting this notable competition.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

RACQUETS | RUGBY

# GAMES AND PASTIMES

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

ASSOCIATION | LAWN TENNIS

### The Military Racquets Championship

By their victory at Prince's on Friday in the Military Racquets Championship, the holders (H. Balfour-Bryant and P. Bramwell-Davis) scored their fifth successive win in partnership, and the sixth for their regiment, the 2nd Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, the first success being gained in 1901 by Balfour-Bryant and P. Balfour and the subsequent five by the present champions. The final against Major S. F. Mott and Capt. T. Lee, of the 4th Batt. King's Royal Rifles, was a good game, without being by any means a great one, and was closer than the score indicates; for in the fifth game the challengers stood at 11—5 with one hand out when Mott served a double fault, and thereby let in the holders, who promptly ran out, and so took the rubber by four games to one. But they have shown better form in previous years.

Lieut. H. Balfour-Bryant (2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry)

### Ireland beats Wales: A Goal and 2 Tries to 2 Tries

On Saturday history repeated itself, and the Irish team again showed that, whatever their form may be against England or Scotland, they are generally able to keep a special rod in pickle for Wales. Scotland beat them, and England—so a great many people said—ought not to have lost to them; *ergo*, on paper, they hadn't much chance against Wales, the conquerors of both England and Scotland. But they won, and that with only fourteen men after half-time, and only thirteen during the last ten minutes. The method employed by Irish forwards to combat the heeling game is to pack quite loosely, to break up the instant the ball is lost, and to be on to it before the opposing backs can be set going. These tactics, together with the fine tackling of the whole team, smashed up the Welsh combination, and often the heeling of the ball by Wales was the prelude, not to a run by the Welsh backs, but to a rush by the Irish forwards. Both teams, it may be noted, reverted to the eight-forwards formation.

### Corinthians v. Notts County: 3-all

The match at Queen's on Saturday was quite a delightful one. But it ought not to have been a draw. Well as the Notts men played—there was not a weak spot anywhere on the side—the Corinthians were even better, except in the one all-important matter of goal-getting. Had their shooting been on a par with the rest of their play they would have been at least three goals up at the finish. Owing to the skill of their backs, and in particular of Timmis and Morgan Owen, the Corinthian forwards were attacking for something like three-fourths of the time, but numerous chances were lost through tame shooting and hesitancy. Some allowance must be made for the fact that the ground and ball both got more slippery as time went on, but still these conditions did not prevent Notts County from equalising, which shows that they made the most of their chances. Foster shot the three Corinthian goals, but he did not really get into his stride until the second half. The wing men dribbled well and centred accurately, but Harris and Day both erred somewhat on the side of unselfishness and overdid their passing in front of goal.

Lieut. P. Bramwell-Davis (2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry)

RACQUETS: WINNERS OF THE MILITARY DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP

# Lawn Tennis at Monte Carlo

**Shadows on the Monte Carlo Courts**

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the Monte Carlo tournament has suffered to some extent from the loss of its former site. Driven from its home on the high ground near the Casino by the rapacious builder, it has had to content itself with a more lowly abiding place on the only available open space in the Condamine, where, of the three courts which have been laid out, only one has proved to be entirely satisfactory, the other two having been placed, as an Irishman once observed, on the wrong side of the sun. Players on these courts found the shadows, to say the least of it, inconvenient. The most carefully aimed shots were liable to go astray, and the fear that your best smash or your most telling drive may result only in a lost ace, and the ruin of a lady's parasol, is hardly conducive to confident or scientific play, though the spectacle may be exhilarating enough to those of the onlookers who manage to escape being hit themselves. Next year, however, these things are to be remedied, and the two courts turned round.

**H. L. Doherty at Monte Carlo**

"H. L." won all three Championship events open to him, viz., the Singles, the Doubles (with Eaves), and Mixed Doubles (with Miss Eastlake Smith)

**Toujours Doherty**

Among the players and spectators of all nationalities there were apparently fewer English than last year—in the conversation of the onlookers the accent of the Fatherland seemed to predominate—but there were quite enough entries to make up a good-sized programme, and G. M. Simond, who has succeeded C. A. Voigt as manager of the meeting, is to be congratulated on having got through his work in one day less than the number allotted to him. H. L. Doherty, who was staying at Cannes, came over, and, as was anticipated, conquered in all the three championship events open to him. In the Singles he only lost one set—to A. F. Wilding; but in this match the young New Zealander pressed him a good deal harder than the score indicates, and it is about the closest run he has had since his matches at Wimbledon last summer with Holcombe Ward, the American, and Norman Brookes, the Australian. Wilding, who takes his tennis seriously, as befits a man with a future before him, went into court anointed from head to foot with alcohol, after the American plan, and trained to the hour, with

*Photos* *Mayers*

**The Monte Carlo Tournament: The semi-final of the Mixed Doubles**

The Champion pair, H. L. Doherty and Miss Eastlake Smith, in their match with E. R. Allen and Miss Warden, whom they defeated by two sets to love

the fixed determination of making Doherty go all the way. He succeeded to this extent that he got within an ace of winning the first set, and actually took the third to love—a remarkable feat to achieve against the great "H. L.," even if, as may be conjectured, the champion was taking matters easily, preparatory to going all out (as he did) for the fourth set.

In the Ladies' Singles, Miss Eastlake Smith won the cup without ever being seriously threatened. She also won the Mixed Championship with the valuable aid of Doherty, while the latter, in the absence in Egypt of his brother, was partnered in the Men's Doubles by Dr. Eaves. The pair had no difficulty in the winning, and the way was made easier for them by the retirement of the twin brothers, H. R. and C. G. Allen, owing to "H. R." having revived an old strain in his leg. Their final victims were Wilding and M. J. G. Ritchie; but neither in this match nor in his single with Doherty, which the latter won quite easily, did Ritchie (who was not in the best of health) play up to his reputation. The Handicap prizes were fairly evenly divided, though A. Wallis Myers, with perhaps a bit more start than he needed, managed to win a first, a second, and a third. The Handicap Doubles went to Wilding and another Cambridge man, M. Temple, who proved a decidedly useful pair for the scratch mark.

H. S. Scrivener.

*Photo* **Tennis at Monte Carlo: Miss Eastlake Smith** [*Meyers*
Who won the Ladies' Singles and Mixed Championship (with H. L. Doherty)

# BRIDGE: BY "PROBLEMATICUS"

### The Strength Discard

A correspondent writes pointing out that the American writers on Bridge, after giving the arguments of Mr. R. A. Jenkins—let us be exact, and say some of them—in favour of the discard from the suit you want led, have declared them to be founded on a fallacy. The discard, they say, is not to show the suit you want led, but to protect the suit which the dealer will lead when he has done with the suit on which you discard. This is, of course, obviously the case to a certain degree; but it is by no means the whole of the case. In the first place, it applies chiefly to the more cautious American game, and the practice of American players only to declare no-trumps on greater strength than the more forward English players. Always your object is to get as many tricks as you can; and if you have a suit with tricks in it, to show it to your partner. Moreover, very often the best defence is to assume the offensive with the least possible delay. Again, it must be borne in mind that you are by no means always discarding to a suit the dealer is leading; often you are discarding to a suit your partner is leading, and he wants to know badly what to lead when he has done with it. The real point about the discard is, that if you are playing against a strong no-trumper, no skilfulness in discarding will save the game against the dealer's advantage in being able to manipulate twenty-six cards. But if you are playing against a light no-trumper, you may not only save the game, but win it; and in either case it is of the greatest importance to let your partner know what to lead.

### On Changing the Suit Against a No-trump Declaration

I was talking to one of the chief American experts the other day, and he told me that, after watching and considering it carefully, he had come to the conclusion that the weakness of the English game was the prevailing reluctance to change the suit at no-trumps. I have noticed this reluctance myself, and suffered from it often and badly. It must be the English doggedness which makes a man go on hammering away at a suit which there is no possibility of clearing, and putting the dealer in two or three times, with the result that he clears, comfortably and without weakening his hand, any suit he wants to clear. Moreover, it is a mark, a distinguishing mark, of the selfish player who refuses to realise that he and his partner hold twenty-six cards, and only takes into account the thirteen in his own hand. A little enterprise is necessary, not only in calling no-trumps, but in defending yourself against a no-trump call. If overpowering cards are held against you, a change of suit can do you no harm; if overpowering cards are not held against you, you often let in your partner with a strong suit, save the game, or even win it. On the other hand, you have no right, as third hand, to abandon lightly the suit originally led by your partner. Above all, do not let the fact that you are leading up to an ace, or guarded king, deter you. That ace, or guarded king, is practically sure to make, and no harm is done by trying to get it out of the way as quickly as possible. It is the original leader on whom the necessity of changing the suit most often falls; and he ought to be a great deal readier than he generally is to change the suit and give his partner a chance.

# THE DAVOS "DERBY"

## BOB-SLEIGH RACING EXTRAORDINARY

**Mr. James Chambers**

Maker of the Bob-sleigh Run, and steerer of the famous "bob" Beetle

This year has, of course, been the most important and exciting bob-sleigh Derby yet known at Davos. That goes without saying. Every Derby will beat its predecessor in interest, for one reason, that the sport is growing immensely in public favour; for another, that bob-sleighing—that is, co-operative tobogganing—is constantly developing new features. One dares not forecast to what scientific lengths it will not yet go. Formerly a crude thing of wood, the "bob" had already developed into a complex piece of mechanism, with steel runners, steering gear, and brake, and become, in fact, the most mechanical thing on the snows. But this year has brought yet another startling development. A contrivance now ejects in front of the "bobs," while they are flying like the very fury at a pace of some seventy miles an hour, a stream of graphite to smooth the course ahead of them. Speed is promoted, if you please, by squirts! After this, what may we not expect? By a glance at some of the machines in our photographs, the reader may gain an idea of how the simple toboggan of old has developed, and he will thus be enabled to understand the excitement which the "Derby" occasions to winterers on the Alps, who flocked this year in crowds to see the sport. The function is the sole topic of Davos, and anyone referring to anything else is voted a bit of a bore.

No Derby would be a Derby without its "sweep," and before the race the usual auction pool was held, attended by numbers of excited bob-sleighers. The favourite in the drawing turned out to be Viking, owned by Mr. Wright, which chance fetched no less than 1,555 francs; the next in order—Mr. Curzon's Beetle—fetching 1,110 francs. The favourite, however, was, as is often the case at other Derbys, beaten by a semi-outsider, for victory fell to the Gazeka, and was highly popular, as Mr. Martin, the well-known jockey, is a good sportsman and a splendid steersman. Our photograph shows his "bob" making its flying start. In a way, however, the "moral victory" may be claimed by Mr. Soriano, with Gredos. Though not a winner on the aggregate of the two courses, he covered the first course in 1 min. 48 secs., winning Mr. Reckitt's Cup for the best single course. Two oddities of the event I may mention, in conclusion—the one, the excellent use

**A Terrible Engine: The motor-steered bob "Gredos"**

Which won the prize for the fastest time on the course. Amongst other up-to-date fittings, the modern "bob" possesses a squirt, which throws graphite on to the course in front to increase speed

# Scenes on the Course

A "bob" starting on its downward course

...y M. Ganson Depew of the ...gaphone in recording the ...es; the other, the quaint ...em of identifying the ...ws of the various "bobs" ...wn in our photo of the ... of the Goose, each of ...m wears one of the letters ... the word "Goose" on ... (or her) clothing. There ... five letters, and a "bob's" ... is five in number. ...re I finish, I think it only ... to mention the names of ... victorious Gazeka crew: ... J. H. Martin, Mrs. Martin, ... Dalton, Mr. Atkinson, ... Mr. Spottiswood.

(1) How the crew of the "Goose" labelled themselves

(2) The winning "Gazeka" taking a flying start, Mr. J. H. Martin steering

(3) Crew of the "Erin" steered by the young Earl of Caledon, who is the second from the left

# Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

For the moment, I am possessed by the amazing power and influence of environment. Just what this really means, viewed in its entirety, that is, embracing every social status, I have neither the proper understanding nor time to inquire. Nor is, perhaps, the inclination wholly with me to dwell on the depressing spectacle of environment in relation to those who dwell among slum surroundings. For my heart is like the singing bird of the song, because the first intimation of spring is here, and I am, by kind providential intervention, in the country. The birds are singing a pæan of praise, and, as it is a country of pine trees, there is plenty of ready-made green to enhance the pleasing illusion that we are at the end, rather than the beginning, of March. Against the deep rich sombreness of these pines, the blue smoke from chimneys of some adjacent red-roofed cottages makes for an artistic effect that is a very feast to the eye.

> Many are the poets by nature,
> Yet lacking the faculty of speech.

The *raison d'être* of the quotation is too obvious to need explanation.

**Suggestions for the new demi-toilette for a restaurant dinner**

*Drawn by Miss H. C. Hoare*

# "Away With That Intolerable Burden"

A BEAUTIFULLY SIMPLE TREATMENT.—It was reserved for the twentieth century to give to the world the most perfect treatment ever discovered for the permanent cure of obesity. Simple, easy, harmless, pleasant, yet an absolutely reliable treatment, which can be followed in the strictest privacy, without any second person being aware that a special course of cure is being followed. The Antipon treatment is now famous throughout the civilised world, and has met with unparalleled success because it does all that is claimed for it in a perfectly simple and pleasant way.

THE OLD-TIME METHODS of combating the afflictions of excessive stoutness were too often more dangerous than the disease they were supposed to cure. They mostly added mineral drugging to a system of semi-starvation, and, when persisted in, soon exhausted the strength and vitality of the most vigorous patient. On the other hand, when common sense or common prudence prompted a cessation of the sticking régime, the fat began to redevelop almost as soon as an ample meal was indulged in!

TONIC EFFECTS OF ANTIPON. — These old-time methods are completely reversed by Antipon, the tonic effects of which are no less remarkable than its wonderful fat-reducing properties. It tones up the entire system, braces up the nerves, accelerates functional activity of the various organs, perfects the digestive process, and promotes a healthy, natural appetite that must be satisfied with wholesome food. Food is Antipon's sole ally, and, if the subject does not "feed up" during the course of treatment, the beneficial results are lessened.

ANTIPON'S HELPER—GOOD FOOD.—None save those who have gone consistently through the treatment can even guess at the truly marvellous strengthening effect of Antipon, helped by good food. There are no irksome dietary or other restrictions. The patient, using quite ordinary prudence, may satisfy his or her appetite to the full. Blood-enriching, muscle-forming foods do not in the least hamper the fat-reducing powers of Antipon. They simply serve to increase strength while the superabundant fat is being gradually eliminated.

THE TENDENCY TO FATNESS DESTROYED.—It is not only the absorption and elimination of the superabundant and partially diseased fat to which Antipon owes its great success. It is because it destroys the tendency to excessive fat formation. Many men and women of a corpulent habit seem to increase in size, however sparse and specialised their diet may be. With Antipon this is entirely different, and once the body is reduced to normal size there need be no fear of a recurrence of the obese condition. The cure is lasting.

DANGERS OF OBESITY.—In cases of excessive fatness, masses of fatty matter cling about the muscles of the heart, threatening the worst of dangers. In fact, all the vital organs are more or less hindered in their natural functions. Antipon absorbs and expels all these evil-working deposits, with obvious benefit to the general health. The heart's action is strengthened, and the circulation becomes normal. Difficulty in breathing, profuse sweating, vertigo, exhaustion after slight effort — all symptoms of internal disorder resulting from obesity soon disappear. Even the skin is acted upon, and once more performs its important work in removing impurities through the pores in a natural manner.

WONDERFUL WEIGHT REDUCTION. — Antipon sets to work briskly. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb. Much depends on constitutional conditions, but a decrease is assured in any case. Following this "send-off" there is a daily diminution—steady, sure, and satisfactory — until normal weight and symmetry are the welcome results. The doses may then cease, for, as before stated, the tendency to excessive fat development is eradicated, and the cure is permanent. Needless to say that the few simple directions enjoined must be consistently observed.

GRATEFUL TESTIMONY.—At the registered offices of the Antipon Company there are preserved hundreds of letters from grateful men and women in all parts of the world, offering the most conclusive testimony to the marvellous benefits derived from Antipon. These letters may be seen, if any doubt should remain in the reader's mind. It is not only the splendid fat-absorbent properties of Antipon that are the subject of unstinted praise; its effects upon the system are equally praised. Any person who has gone through the course of treatment looks and feels as though youth had returned, with all its zest for work and outdoor recreations. The skin is pure, the complexion roseate with health. The suppleness, the graceful carriage, the ease of movement, the elastic step of youth, are restored almost magically, and with these the buoyancy of spirits and mental energy which over-fatness always tends to minimise.

PLEASANT AND HARMLESS.—Antipon is a refreshingly tart liquid, containing nothing of a mineral or otherwise objectionable kind, and being neither laxative nor constipating, never causes the slightest discomfort or inconvenience. Stout persons who have become disheartened through the failure of other methods of weight reduction will take heart again after even a day's trial of this truly remarkable remedy.

Antipon can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price *2s. 6d.* and *4s. 6d.* per bottle, or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

### A Projected Innovation

My Editor, for whom I have the greatest respect and veneration, is agreeably taken by the proposal that we shall adopt over here the demi-toilette attire of Paris for restaurant dining. Reflecting over the matter, I find the reasons for and against this innovation are about equally balanced. And this being so, the chances are large that we shall find it adopted, tentatively it may be, but it is pretty safe to be tried. With what lasting success, however, time alone will show. Meanwhile, the always welcome note of change and variety is struck. With a view to assisting halting imaginations we proffer two charming suggestions.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more graceful than that flounced skirt of soft ivory lace, the edge of each flounce outlined by a tiny quilling of chestnut ribbon, a *nuance* of which occurs in the *chêne* brocade fashioning the coatee in conjunction with tender shades of rose on a white ground, which is drawn up over a vest of lace finishing round the waist with a little frill of lace, while the top is thrown back by double revers of the filmiest embroidered lawn and lace. The hat worn with this is a natural Manilla, the crown encircled by a band of chestnut velvet, and simply smothered in pale biscuit feathers shading to rose.

Feathers play the same very conspicuous rôle on the other hat, a glorified mushroom of old rose satin, tilted to a side angle on a cluster of roses toning to grey. The toilette represents one of the more than ever popular black and white schemes, black *mousseline de soie*, trimmed black ribbon velvet, veiling an under-dress of white kilted chiffon and silk. In the fichu corsage you have the latest vogue, an outline most effectively emphasised by a fold of white *esprit* net frilled with kilted lace, the V filled in back and front by a particularly handsome *dentelle* of distinctive pattern used clear.

### Fish-Net for Blouses

From those who have just returned from a prospecting quest in Paris, the cry is persistent and pathetic that the price of the lace blouse is prohibitive. But there is this about it, the outline is so universally simple that the creation merely resolves itself into an ingenious choice of lace. Fine Irish lace holds quite the most notable position either alone or mingled with one, two, or three finer qualities, *appliqué* with various *motifs*, or tiny frilled rosettes of Valenciennes edging, centred by a button of embroidery or gold tissue. Another idea, most worthy of recognition, is the working round a design of lace with coloured silks, indicating the natural colour of flowers and foliage.

Then there is a fish-net, perhaps the most complete novelty of all, a soft silk, and, as the name implies, large mesh quality, that is procurable in any colour, and is usually selected to harmonise with the skirt it accompanies. I have seen one of these fish-net blouses strapped with cloth with excellent result. The scheme was a grey one, and there was a pretty grey lace introduced about the top, yoke fashion, just a touch of delicate cerise occurring at the throat in the form of a tight little cravat, the ends caught into two bows.

Lady Juliet Duff looked so well at Sandown, at the Grand Military Meeting, in a rose toque, accompanied by dark furs; while another notable feature, taking into consideration its extreme modernity, was the short cape bolero. But from the first I predicted success for this style; it meets so cleverly the opposite demands of tailor-made severity and picturesqueness.

++

## THE MENU

### CARD PARTIES AND LITTLE SUPPERS

I have found the following dishes greatly appreciated after a long evening at Bridge, and venture to give them in my menu this week:—

Grilled Legs of Chicken
Macaroni à l'Italienne
Coquilles de Volaille Sandwiches
Lobster Salad Salade Russe

### Macaroni à l'Italienne

Cook the macaroni in salted water, and let it boil twenty-five minutes, then drain it and put it into a stewpan with a pat of butter, plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, and as much good beef gravy as it will absorb, toss it on the fire, and serve very hot. Spaghetti may be used instead of macaroni.

### Coquilles de Volaille

Small fireproof china dishes will be required for this, and one for each person is sent to table. The chicken is cut in small cubes, or minced with a little salad or mayonaise, or, if preferred, chopped mushrooms stewed in cream.

### Sandwiches

Sandwiches are best made with meat and butter, pounded together and nicely flavoured. Almost any kind of food can be used in this way, fowl, sardines, potted shrimps or fresh ones ground to a paste, the yolks of hard-boiled eggs pounded with anchovies and a layer of cress, and for cavair sandwiches, the cavair should be spread on bread and butter, a squeeze of lemon over and a pinch of cayenne pepper.

### Lobster Salad

Wash some salad and dry thoroughly by shaking it in a cloth. Cut up endive and lettuce; chicory is also very good. Put in a dish and pour over dressing, throw in lightly some small salad. Mix all well together with the pickings from the body of a lobster. Pick the meat from the shell, cut it into nice square pieces, put half with the salad, add a little more dressing. Chop up finely the whites of two hard-boiled eggs, rub the yolks through a sieve, and the coral of the lobster. Garnish the salad with pieces of lobster, slices of cucumber, beetroot, the yolks and whites of the eggs and the coral arranged in little heaps, contrasting the colours well. Put the lobster claws sticking up in the centre of the salad. Pour some more dressing in the dish before serving. DRESSING.—Four tablespoonfuls of oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, yolks of two eggs, quarter teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, salt and pepper to taste, half teaspoonful castor sugar.

### Salade Russe

Chop up some cold fillets of chicken, with carrots, turnips, and asparagus, all of which have been cooked; take some cold boiled peas and French beans, beetroot cut into lozenges, capers, stoned olives, and fillets of anchovies, and add a pinch of cayenne, a minced shallot, black pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar. No particular flavour ought to predominate in this salad, therefore it is necessary that the ingredients be perfectly mixed.

EMILIA.

Who said BOVRIL?

"!!" said the driver;

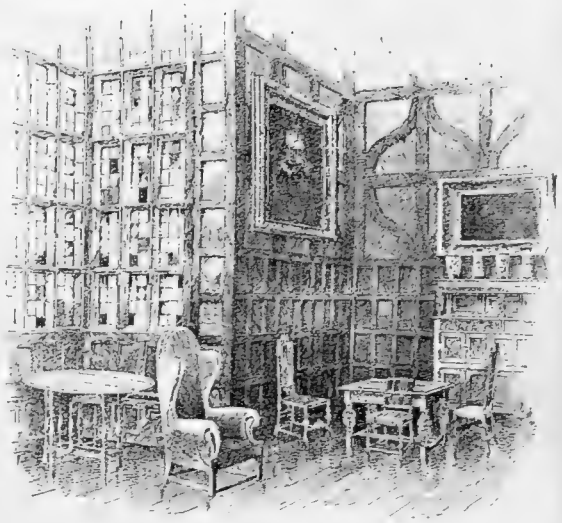
"It's my best reviver—

"I said Bovril"



THE LARGEST STOCK OF GENUINE ANTIQUES IN LONDON

RESTORATIONS & DECORATIONS



A Fine Oak-panelled Boudoir, with genuine half timber.

A PAGE from our B 7 Booklet.

*COPIES WILL BE SENT GRATIS ON APPLICATION.*

GILL & REIGATE,

73 to 85, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.



"Well, here's my comfort." SHAKESPEARE

FOR GENTLEMEN.

THE H.W. Velvet Grip (PATENT)

BOSTON GARTER

In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.

Cotton (plain) 1s. pair.
Cotton (check) 1s. pair.
Silk (plain) 2s. pair.

By Post 1d. extra.

OPEN

L. & R. WOODERSON (Under the Tree),

"The Acme of Comfort."
"The Height of Perfection."
122/4, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.



In Constant Use for 90 years.

The Best Then, the Best Now.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S

Oriental Tooth Paste.

TUBES, 1/- POTS, 1/6 & 2/6.



GRANDE·MAISON·DE·BLANC

PARIS.
6, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES.

LONDON, W.
62, NEW BOND STREET.

(No Branch in America)

Table & Bed Linen, Handkf's, etc.

Woven by Hand on our own Looms.

LADIES' LINGERIE

LOUVET Freres, *Proprietors.*

O. BOYER, *Director, formerly of New York.*

# A Woman's Note Book

## ARE WE SUDDENLY GETTING VIRTUOUS?

We were told the other day, by that infallible guide, the Press, that a revival of learning, shown in a renewed interest in philosophy, was sweeping our land. Can it be possible that we are acquiring all the virtues, intellectual and moral, at once? I certainly seem to see a renewed seriousness in the way we are keeping Lent. This has been a solemn Lent. Fashion and frivolity have followed the example set by rural folks; theatre audiences are small; even London is demure, and her citizens have a partiality for garbing themselves in black. At the risk of incurring the charge of flippancy, I would point out that nothing is funnier than the way our acquaintances observe Lent. I am not advocating—far from it—an undue gaiety or a worldly way. No, I am merely trying to extract a little innocent entertainment from the observation of other people's *ideas* of effort and gloom. For they are so very strange; and while allowing all honour to praiseworthy intention, one cannot help smiling over the idiosyncrasies of human nature when they are paraded to public view. For the funniest part about them is that they *will* come out; it is never a question of keeping your right hand's works a secret from the left at this time of year. Humble folks, who would be ashamed to boast their virtuous acts, or virtuous self-denials, or virtuous plans, on any other occasion, are bursting with anxiety now to pour them into the nearest sympathetic ear; and there results an exchange of confidences and a comparison of notes, nearly as constant and much funnier than the same little comedy so extensively practised by invalids at smart health resorts.

**Miss Jessie Millward**

Who began a season at the Scala Theatre last week with *The School for Husbands*. The reappearance of Miss Millward revives memories of the palmy days of the old Adelphi Theatre

### We Are All Mad

For, as I said, people show their characteristics so plainly; and, when left to themselves to devise paths of virtue, conduct themselves in a manner which calls forth their originality and eccentricity—and there is such a lot in that. As we are constantly reminded by the keen observers of humanity, we are all mad; it is only a question of degree—and direction. Take the idea of self-sacrifice! People give up the strangest things in Lent; in this giving up you learn what are your friends' ideas of bliss; and, truly, never was there such a diversity of opinion. How bewilderingly diverse are the pleasures which, from the gardener's little daughter and the old lady in the workhouse to the scholar or man of fashion, we cannot—or fancy we cannot—comfortably do without. Then, again, there are those with a craving not to abstain but to *do;* and what do not the misguided do? Why man may do *anything*, from the sanest, sober act to what a brilliant writer happily terms his most "fantastic tricks." I don't think, so far as sacrifice goes, Lent leaves the world at large very different from before; we may not do much good, but the position being negative we can hardly effect great harm. But, alas! for what we definitely do. I wonder, when all our performances are put together, what is the result? How interesting, how entertaining, if we could only see! Some people should, of course, be for ever stopped "doing," and be put under restraint; quite apparently harmless people, too, to the outside observer. They are mostly old ladies with irreproachable intentions, but their ill-advised actions mean undoing or despair for quite a quantity of other folks. As our modern domestic servant is fond of saying of everyone who crosses her sphere of action, they "make work."

### Those Who Love Gloom

Talking of people who make things gloomy for themselves and others, I would point out that this is by no means a sign that the unhappy originators are *really* unhappy. Some people—all of them women—love gloom. Tears are more comfort than laughter; they hug a grievance; they relish discontent; they fling themselves at sacrifice in any form to enjoy the melancholy contemplation of their loss. They are never more than "pretty well" or "fairly comfortable"; they "enjoy bad health" with the keenest zest. The worst of them is that they seriously disturb the more buoyant spirits of those whose tastes do not lie in such a melancholy direction; otherwise no one, of course, would grudge them their own peculiar delights. These persons, mostly, again, old ladies are at the height of their special joy in Lent. They ought, of course, to keep it in a *jubilant* spirit if they would be self-sacrificing. But no, they plunge with jubilation indeed, not into joy, but into woe. Some women can never be disturbed from their ordinary routine without contemplating some course of action either positively mischievous or, at the mildest, highly absurd. Such mentally unsound persons should submit themselves before a conclave of friends when they contemplate any "fantastic tricks," so as to be prevented from bringing melancholy or positive pain upon their innocent family circle. The conclave might with advantage present them with harmless work, such as hemming dusters.

LADY PHYLLIS.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.**
**A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

# What is Whisky?

# —OLD— Bushmills

Connoisseurs have held this opinion for over a Century, and the fact has recently been confirmed in a striking manner.—*Vide Press.*

**Old Bushmills IS Whisky—**

**THE BEST POT STILL WHISKY.**

Can be obtained from all Wine Merchants; or on application to the "Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., Belfast, or to their London Office, 20, Mark Lane, E.C., the address of nearest Agent will be given.

# BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Tea Cakes. Reliable, Economical.

The Best in the World.

Sold Everywhere, in 1d. and 2d. Packets, and 6d., 1/-, 2/6, and 5/- Tin Canisters.

**IN 3 STRENGTHS.**

TRY IT YOURSELF!

DON'T TAKE OUR WORD!

# "LUNTIN" Mixture.

**SEND 7d. IN STAMPS**

for sample packet, and name of nearest agent, from Sole Manufacturers—

***THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.***

# A PRACTICAL INVENTION

## That Develops Hair Growth.

We have always maintained that if there were something that would really induce the hair to grow, its virtue should first be satisfactorily proved in each individual case before any money is paid to the manufacturer.

We have demonstrated beyond all question that in cases where the life principle is not destroyed, a reasonable use of our invention, The Evans Vacuum Cap, will develop a natural and permanent growth of hair, and we show our confidence by supplying this apparatus on a sixty days' trial, and wholly at the expense of our Company.

We would not have you infer from this that a complete restoration of the hair can be obtained within sixty days, but our experience shows that ample benefits usually accrue within this time to fully satisfy one as to the efficiency and practicability of this method.

It is simply an artificial means of obtaining a free and active circulation in the scalp without rubbing or irritation, and there are no drugs or lotions employed.

The Cap is used three or four minutes each day, and it requires only about ten days to get the scalp loose and pliable, which condition is absolutely essential to the life and growth of the hair—the hair cannot thrive in a tight and congested scalp.

The effects produced by the Vacuum are pleasant and exhilarating. It gives the scalp a healthy glow, and produces a delightful tingling sensation, which denotes the presence of new life in the scalp, and which cannot be obtained by any other means.

Channels which have been practically dormant for years are opened, and all follicle life is stimulated and revived to activity, and by supplying the hair roots with nutrition each day, in this way the weak, colourless hair is in time developed to its natural size and strength.

### OUR GUARANTEE.

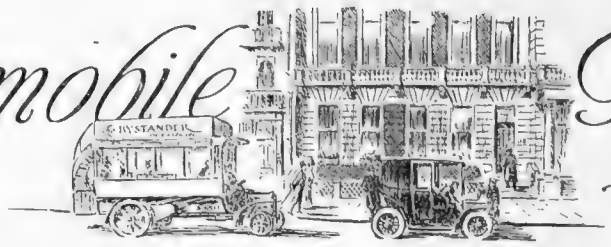
We will send you an Evans Vacuum Cap, carriage paid, and will allow you sixty days to prove its virtue. As evidence of your good faith we simply ask that you deposit the price of the Cap with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Co., of London, where it would remain during the trial period, pending the results of your experiment. This deposit would be made subject to your own order, and should you not be convinced that the cap will restore your hair, you could, of course, instruct the Deposit Company to return your money, which they would do promptly, and without question or comment. Let us send you our book which describes and illustrates this appliance. Even if you are not in need of it we know you will be interested in the invention, and what it has accomplished.

We send the book, post free, on application.

## EVANS VACUUM CAP CO.,

**21, REGENT HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND.**

# Automobile Topics.




### No Fresh Bill

Apparently there is to be no fresh legislation with regard to motor-cars. The prior claims of the King's Speech are in the way, and the report of the Royal Commission is not yet to hand. The Government will, therefore, include the Motor-Car Act of 1903 in the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, and no change will be made until January, 1908. To those motorists, and they are many, who hoped for the display of a little common-sense, this decision is a disappointment. There is hardly a member of the present House of Commons who did not benefit by the motor at his election. *In practically every instance these helpful cars broke the law.* Hundreds of our legislators travelled round their constituencies well over the legal limit during the elections. They knew they were breaking the law, they know the law is being broken every day. Yet there is to be no change till 1908! The same silly system of police traps, the same prejudiced police proceedings, are to continue for another two years in this progressive country.

### A Vivid Description

Some light car and tri-car trials took place recently in Paris. From a description which appeared in that up-to-date paper the *Motor*, the trials seem to have been exceptionally severe. "In the immediate neighbourhood of Paris," writes their correspondent, "there is roughly laid pavement, over which the light cars danced like corks on a choppy sea, whilst showers of dirty water splashed up on either side as from the bows of a swift motor-boat. Further in the country it was a case of ploughing through, for frequently the front portion of the tri-car was buried in the soft mud of the road." The fact that several competitors finished surely shows that even small cars are capable of working under astonishing conditions.

### Those Pneumatics

Some drivers are unlucky with their tyres. No matter what make they buy, their pneumatics last about half the time that they should. As in other matters, ill-luck is frequently confused with want of care and lack of knowledge. A lecture lately delivered by Mr. Crombie before the Scottish Automobile Club contained much useful information on tyre treatment. In a condensed form, the following paragraphs set forth several of the important points of his lecture:—

### What a Tyre is Made of

The first point of a tyre to be considered is the casing, which is composed of cotton canvas. This, in combination with vulcanised rubber, constitutes the outer cover or envelope. To ensure perfect adherence between the various layers of canvas and rubber, it is essential that the canvas should be absolutely dry. Vulcanisation consists in chemically combining rubber with sulphur and subjecting the compound to heat. This process is somewhat like the baking of bread. But with this essential difference. The tyre can be easily over-cooked, the margin between a properly vulcanised tyre and an over-vulcanised tyre being a narrow one.

### The Amateur Vulcaniser

There are on the market at the present time several vulcanisers for amateur use. For a guinea or two you can buy an attachment which will apparently vulcanise a gash or cut while you wait by the roadside. From the pictures in the advertisements it is not even necessary to detach the tyre from the wheel. When an expert on tyres declares that the least moisture is fatal to good vulcanisation, one wonders how such a roadside repair can possibly stand. The only way for the novice to get satisfactory tyre repairs

*Photo* *Photo Press*

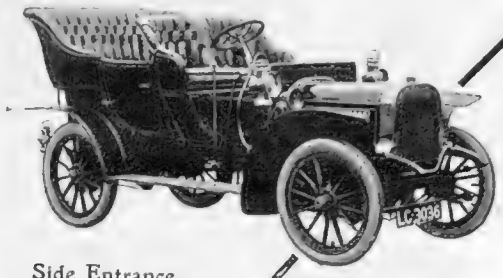
**A breakdown on the bridge**

*Photo* *Topical Agency*

**The first trams over the bridge**

It will be noticed that there is no space at all on the bridge for motors and other vehicles when two cars are passing. In fact, the bridge is now practically a tramway track, a state of affairs which has aroused the most outspoken indignation in the neighbourhood

**OPENING THE NEW TRAM ROUTE OVER KINGSTON BRIDGE**



Side Entrance,

**£380.**

**Over 60 other Cars of all powers, of various types, and with different coloured bodies, READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.**

# FREE INSPECTION
— OF —
# ARGYLL CARS

Supplied from the London Depôt.

We have appointed an Inspecting Engineer, and from this date will make, FREE OF CHARGE (except Travelling Expenses if out of town), every two months, a thorough examination of all new cars sold by us, and send to the owner an official report stating the condition of every individual part of the mechanism.

*Copies of the Form on which this Report is issued will be sent free of charge to any address, or can be inspected at our London Depôt.*

If your Car needs to be repaired before
THE EASTER HOLIDAYS
send it to our Repair Department, which is second to none in the Kingdom. It is stocked with thousands of spare parts, and manned by a staff of trained mechanics, drawn principally from our works at Glasgow.

## ARGYLLS, LONDON, LIMITED
17, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

Telephones: 2641 and 2642 Gerrard. Chairman and Managing Director, EUSTACE H. WATSON. Telegrams: "Carguiless, London."

**Messrs. ALFRED DUNHILL, Ltd., have opened a Branch Establishment in our Showrooms, with a full range of their well-known Motor Clothing, etc.**

# PRATT'S MOTOR SPIRIT

In Use and for Sale Everywhere.

Three-fourths of the Motorists in the United Kingdom use

## PRATT'S MOTOR SPIRIT.

The genuine sold in sealed Cans only. Accept no other.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD.

**TO DEALERS ONLY.**

# Some Tyre Problems

is to send his covers to thoroughly experienced firms. Repairs at home or on the road at the hands of the ordinary man can never be satisfactory.

### Look After Your Tyres

The tyres on a car well deserve attention, and many a tedious wait by the roadside can be avoided by getting the right tyres, and using them in the right way. Those starting their first car would do well to remember: (1) That a set of tyres, costing say fifty per cent. more than the standard size of tyres supplied by the car manufacturer, will last twice as long; (2) to buy inner tubes from the best firms only—cheap inner tubes have little or no life, and are, in the end, the most expensive; (3) except in the case of small cars, it is inadvisable to repair inner tubes by simply sticking on patches with solution; they should be properly vulcanised; (4) strong light and changes of temperature are enemies to rubber tyres. Spares should be kept in a dark place free from damp.

### Solid Tyres

Through dread of punctures, some motorists still stick to solid tyres. Although they may save in their tyre bill and avoid a certain amount of trouble, yet users of solids should remember that the machinery of a car will not last so long. The road shocks and strains which the pneumatic does so much to lessen are transmitted by the solid tyre. In the case of a car which runs at more than twenty miles, it is reasonable to anticipate that every pound that solids save in the tyre bill is lost many times over in repairs and depreciation to the working parts of the car.

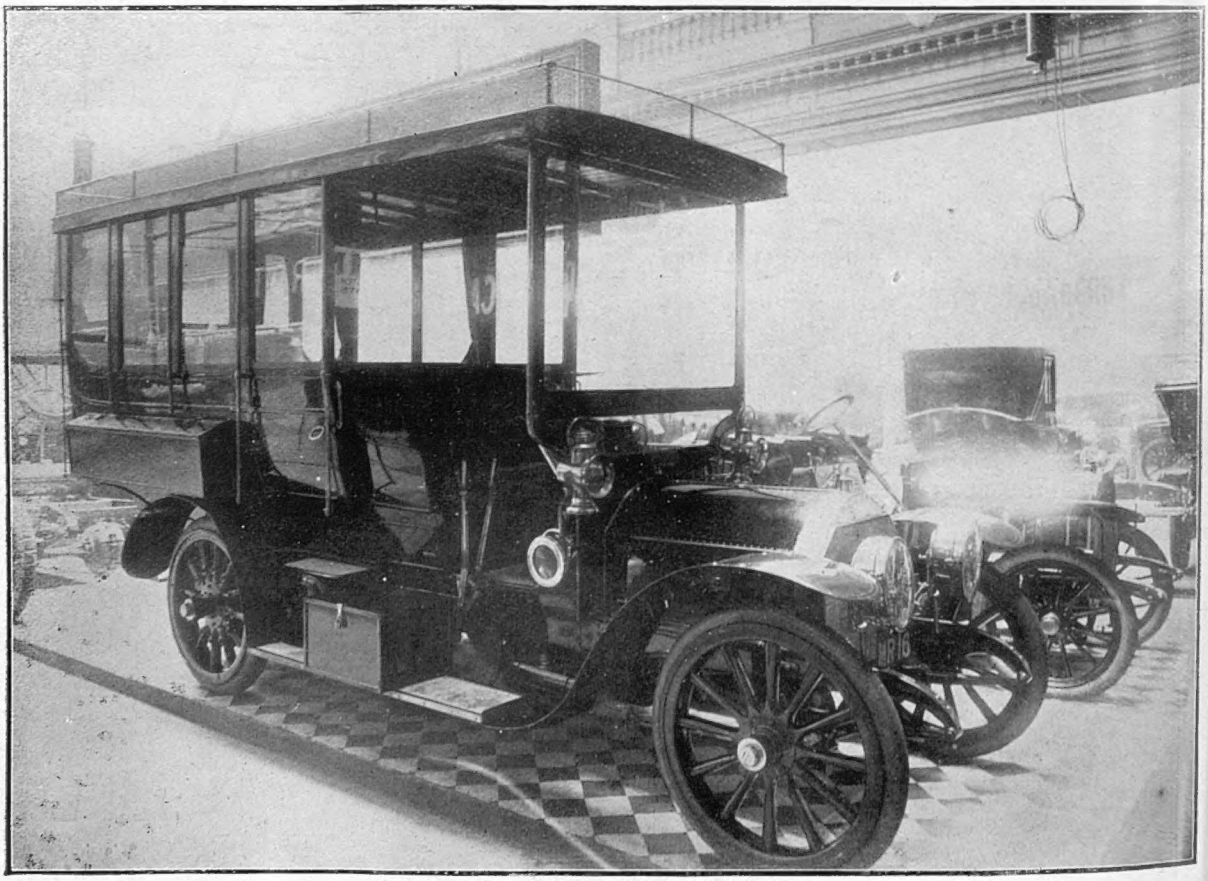
### Substitute for the Pneumatic

Every year sees the production of some patented device which is to do away with the inflated tyre. The greatest favourite with the inventor is the spring wheel. While such arrangements are, of course, free from punctures, they are liable to breakage at any time, require a certain amount of extra cleaning, and are not easy to repair. While they absorb shock better than solids, do they, at the same time, absorb power? The pneumatic hub is another arrangement which, while it may look well on paper, is best left alone.

### Petrol and Producer Gas

Petrol is rising again, and it looks as if the Standard Oil Company intend gradually to increase it to 1*s.* 6*d.* a gallon. To the private car-owner 3*d.* or 4*d.* a gallon, one way or the other, makes but little difference. Presuming he covers five thousand miles a year, and his car averages seventeen miles on a gallon, his petrol bill at 1*s.* a gallon is less than £15. Even if he has to pay 1*s.* 6*d.* a gallon, although it may annoy him, it won't really make much difference to the annual cost of his car. But the case of the motor-'bus companies is different. These vehicles use a lot of petrol, and run over a hundred miles a day. If they have to pay, at wholesale prices, 1*s.* 3*d.* a gallon for their spirit, their profits will be seriously affected.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.



*Photo]* **A useful motor** *[Topical Agency*

A 24-40 h.-p. F.I.A.T. shooting brake, exhibited at the recent Manchester Motor Show

# "Sanitas"

**The Greatest Health Agent and Disinfectant.**

A compound of liquid ozone and delicious pine breezes.
More invigorating even than fresh sea air.
Devoid of all objectionable properties. Oxygenates the air.
Kills all disease germs like lightning and yet so harmless that even a child might drink it with impunity.

**All rooms and W.C.'s should be kept sprayed with "Sanitas."**

1/- Pint Bottles. 5/- Gallon.
Sprays to fit the Pint Bottles, 2/6 each.

Also in Powder, Soaps, and Toilet Articles.

Of all Chemists, Stores, and
**THE "SANITAS" CO., Ltd.,**
Limehouse, London, E.
Manufacturers of all kinds of Disinfectan s.

**IMPORTANT TO ALL MOTOR-CAR OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.**

If you want your Car to look smart, try "Rolledge," and you will not regret it.

# "ROLLEDGE"
(REGD.)

## AUTO-POLISH.

Absolutely Unique, for

**CLEANING,**

**PRESERVING,**
AND
**WATER-PROOFING**

All Leather and Enamelled Parts of

**MOTOR CARS.**

**Obtainable in all colours from the leading Motor Stores, Grocers, Dry-salters, &c.**

MADE ONLY BY

## E. BROWN & SON,

**Manufacturers of the Celebrated "Meltonian" Blacking, "Meltonian" and "Lutetian" Creams, and other Boot Preparations,**

**7, CARRICK ST., LONDON, and 26, RUE BERGÈRE, PARIS.**

# BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

**Seasonable Delicacies!**

**BIRD'S CUSTARD & FRUIT**

*DISHES FOR THIS MONTH.*

**Stewed Rhubarb & Custard.**
**Stewed Prunes & Custard.**
**Stewed Apples & Custard.**
**Stewed Figs & Custard.**
**Sliced Bananas & Custard.**

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-class Custard. Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

☞ **BIRD'S CUSTARD** is the **one thing needed** with all Stewed, Tinned, or Bottled Fruits. It enhances their flavour, and imparts to them a grateful mellowness.

# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### New Theatre

*The Scarlet Pimpernel* bids fair to become a "hardy annual." On Friday, March 2, the play of that name at the New Theatre was played for the 375th time, and there is still no sign of its declining in popularity. It is not difficult to locate the cause of this phenomenal success. It appeals to that love of romance and beauty that is innate in people of all grades, and it is played with a finish and perfection that carries conviction throughout every situation, however improbable. Miss Julia Neilson, whose Lady Blakeney is one of her finest impersonations, is now back in the cast, and Mr. Fred Terry plays the part of Sir Percy Blakeney with a charm that delights every audience.

### Garrick Theatre

Owing to the continued success of *Brother Officers* at the Garrick Theatre, and as no other suitable stage can be found for its immediate transference, Mr. Alfred Sutro has, with the concurrence of Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Charles Frohman, consented to postpone the production of his new comedy, *The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt*, until Thursday, April 26. This courtesy from one author to another, involving, as it does, considerable loss of time to Mr. Sutro, is greatly appreciated by Mr. Leo Trevor.

### Wyndham's Theatre

The 150th performance of *Captain Drew on Leave* was celebrated on Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., but the run of this play must terminate on Saturday, the 17th, in order that Sir Charles Wyndham may keep his promise to revive *The Candidate*, which will be produced at Wyndham's Theatre on Tuesday, March 20.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.


Rowland's Macassar Oil

Preserves, Beautifies, Nourishes, and Restores

THE HAIR.

Closely resembles the natural oil in the Hair which nature provides for its preservation, and without which the Hair gets dry, thin, and withered. Nothing else does this.

3/6, 7/-, & 10/6. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

ARTISTIC DECORATIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
BACHELORS' CHAMBERS,
COTTAGES,
HOUSEBOATS,
CLUBS, BILLIARD ROOMS,
CORRIDORS, etc.

DRAWING-ROOM SUBJECTS.
IN COLOURS.

Boulogne Fisherwoman.
The Little Norwegian.
Madame Lebrun and Daughter.
"Listen."
Highland Dogs (oval mount).
A Pretty Xmas Visitor.
Laughing Cavalier.
And many others.

Framed in Gilt, price 4s. each; carriage paid in United Kingdom, 5s. each.

Catalogue on application to the FINE ART DEPARTMENT, "The Graphic," 190, Strand, London, W.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder

For Cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

The high nutritive value of Cocoa is unquestioned, but its value depends on its digestibility.
Peptonised Cocoa and Milk can be readily taken by all, even by those who cannot take any other form of Cocoa.
Moreover, it is the most delicious Cocoa.
It is made with pure rich Country Milk (Peptonised) and Specially Prepared Cocoa.
No added Sugar or Milk needed. Instantly made—only requires boiling water.
Sold in Tins, 2/6; Half Tins, 1/6

Sample Tin sent free on receipt of three penny stamps, mentioning "The Bystander."

SAVORY & MOORE, Ltd.,
143, New Bond Street, London, W.


Printed and Published by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER, at Tallis Street, in the City of London.—MARCH 14 1906.
Entered as second-class mail matter at New York (N.Y.) Post Office.

Easy! Lass, Easy!

"THE GRAPHIC," LONDON AND READING.